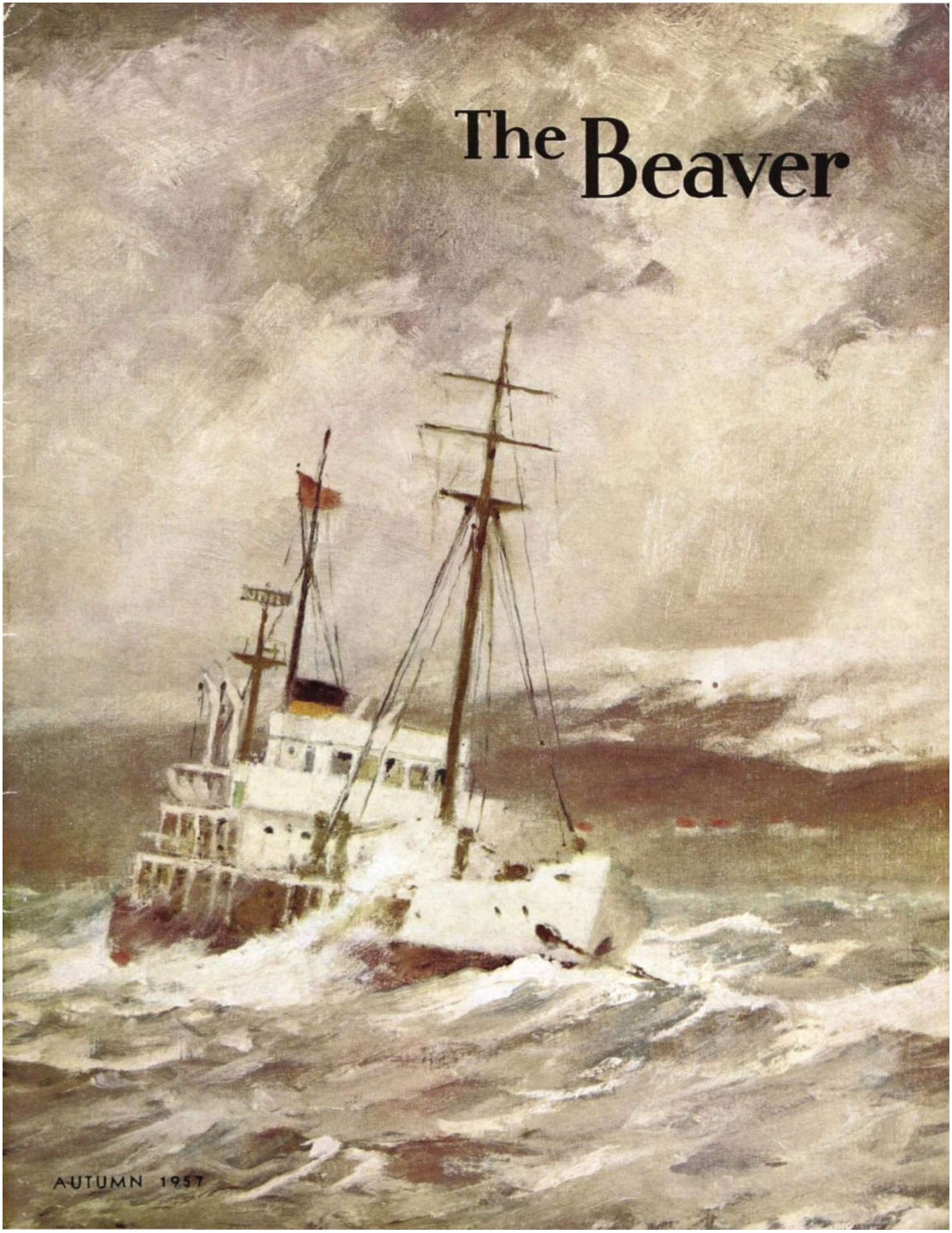
The Beaver



AUTUMN 1957

man with a hat

a letter from a Sioux Indian—his signature is to the right

Distinction was a beautifully
simple matter to the Indian. Whenever
he drew or carved the early white man,
the trader, he showed a man with a hat.
All others went hatless.
Perhaps there is no greatness in being distinguished
only because you wore a hat. But we owe much
to this gentleman. Where he ventured,
others followed, built homes and raised families.
Our cities and towns now stand
where once he pitched his camps.
His were far from easy days yet he is pictured
and remembered, not for his cunning
or prowess at arms, but peacefully for what he was
. . . a trader, the "man with a hat."

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Carving from B.C. Govt.

AUTUMN 1957
OUTFIT 288
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

CONTENTS

PALLISER OF THE TRIANGLE 4
Allan R. Turner

A SOLDIER AT FORT GARRY 10
George F. G. Stanley

PIONEER WOMAN 16
Barbara Kilvert

CLOSE TO NATURE 21
Leonard Lee Rue

NEWFOUNDLAND SLED RIDE 26
Ambrose Shea

AN ARTIST IN HUDSON BAY 30
Norman Wilkinson

36 OLD DAYS AT FORT GEORGE
John B. Daniell

42 THE GREAT MOUNTAIN—II
P. Fay and B. Angier

48 THE GARRY CLUB
Hamilton B. Chipman

53 CRAFTS OF THE CREE
John Macfie

58 MORE LIGHT ON DAVID THOMPSON
V. G. Hopwood

59 AUTUMN PACKET

60 NORTHERN BOOKS

COVER

The M.V. "Rupertsland" waiting to land cargo: detail from oil painting "The seven days gale, Frobisher Bay," by Norman Wilkinson, C.B.E., P.R.I.

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A century ago the delineator of the famous Palliser Triangle started the first major scientific study of the Canadian prairies and mountains.

PALLISER OF THE

IN 1857 the British government despatched an expedition under Captain John Palliser to explore "that portion of British North America which lies between the northern branch of the River Saskatchewan and the frontier of the United States; and between the Red River and Rocky Mountains." The centenary of the event provides a suitable occasion upon which to review the accomplishments of this first major scientific examination of the Canadian prairies and neighbouring mountain region. The expedition was a natural outcome of public discussion in England. With the licence to exclusive trading privileges enjoyed by the Hudson's Bay Company about to expire, there was widespread interest in the territories concerned, and a parliamentary committee was appointed in 1857 to examine the rights of the Company and report on the possibilities of its territory for settlement. (*Beaver*, Summer 1957.)

The genesis of the Palliser expedition is set forth in detail in Sir Roderick Murchison's presidential address to the Royal Geographical Society of London in 1857:

Mr. Palliser, a traveller, who had already spent a considerable time in the neighbouring districts of the Upper Missouri, and whose adventures as a sportsman form the subject of a popular work,* conceived the project of employing two years in the exploration of the tract to which I have referred, along with the adjoining portion of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Palliser's original intention was, I have understood, to undertake this journey at his own expense and with no other companions than those whom he might engage as voyageurs and hunters to join him in traversing the Indian territory. Having, however, addressed himself to our Secretary, his proposal was at once brought before the notice of the Council, by the direction of which it was referred to our Expedition Committee and fully discussed. In consequence of this a letter was directed by myself on the 6th of January to the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, the Secretary of the Colonies, in which the Council strongly advocated the exploration. . . .

Mr. Palliser's experience, his success in conciliating the good will and respect of the Indians, and his anxiety to make his journey conducive to the increase of scientific knowledge, pointed him out to be well fitted to be the leader; but it was evident that without the aid of fellow travellers trained to accurate research and accustomed to the use of scientific instruments, no very accurate results could be expected from the expedition.

The British government agreed to finance the undertaking provided that its collections and findings were placed at the disposal of the government, and proceeded to appoint Captain Palliser as its leader.

Born in Ireland in 1807, and formerly a captain in the Waterford Artillery Militia, Palliser had spent a year, 1847-48, in hunting in the United States. He had crossed the frontier into British territory when he was at Whiteearth River, the most northern part of the Missouri. He must also have been close to the British side at Turtle Mountain which he described in his book. On the advice of leading scientists, Thomas Blakiston, astronomer, Dr. James Hector, surgeon and geologist, Eugène Bourgeau, botanist, as well as John W. Sullivan, the secretary, were assigned to the expedition.

The Colonial Secretary instructed Palliser to proceed from Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William, and then to Fort Garry, exploring the watershed of the height of land en route. During the remainder of 1857 he was to explore the country on either side of the South Saskatchewan River and spend the winter at Carlton House. In 1858 he was to explore the Saskatchewan valley to its headwaters, ascertain whether practicable passes existed over the Rocky Mountains in British territory, and then return to England. Subsequently these instructions were expanded to permit the expedition to continue its explorations in the mountains during 1859, returning to England in 1860. Palliser was instructed to record the physical features of the country through which he passed, noting its natural resources and its capability for agriculture. He was also adjured to keep a journal embodying the result of his surveys and observations. The importance which Palliser attached to this requirement is apparent in his written instructions to Hector: "But all I implore is—Get up the Journal and spare no pains with it." It is not surprising then that Palliser's despatches and journals, as published by the British government, 1859-63, are a fruitful source of infor-

*Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies, London, 1853.

by Allan R. Turner

Allan R. Turner is Archival Assistant to the Saskatchewan Archives Board.

TRIANGLE

Capt. John Palliser (left) and Dr. James Hector in 1860.

mation to the historian of western Canada.† They provide a wealth of detail on such matters as topography, geology, flora and fauna, natives, fur trade posts, settlements and missions, as well as the itinerary of the expedition.

Proceeding west from Fort William on June 12, 1857, it took Palliser until July 11 to reach Fort Garry. He viewed this canoe route, with its numerous portages, traversing an unproductive countryside, as quite impracticable. The natural ingress to the fertile Red River country, he felt, must be from the south. In 1859, replying to specific questions raised by the Colonial Secretary, Palliser stated that the Red River Settlement was an area favorable to an agriculture based on the rearing of cattle and coarse grains, but that severe night frosts in June made wheat growing precarious. The settlement, expanded into a colony stretching from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies, would maintain the British connection and act as a link between the other colonies in North America. Such a colony should be removed from the sway of the Hudson's Bay Company since "the interests of a commercial community, which at all events must be adverse to their own, would not be likely to prosper under their rule." A railway could be constructed across this colony, with the best route probably in the neighborhood of the South Saskatchewan River. He believed the colony too isolated to progress rapidly, unless a secure system of traffic could be linked with rail or steamship transport from St. Paul.

At Fort Garry officials of the Hudson's Bay Company had purchased horses and engaged men for the first year's expedition. Palliser gives much credit to Sir George Simpson and the officers in charge at the various Company posts along the route for the assistance they gave in enabling him to carry out his instructions. The party as it proceeded to Pembina consisted of Palliser, Hector, Bourgeau, Sullivan, and the twelve men engaged at Fort Garry. Among the latter was James Beads, transferred to Palliser from Sir George's private service, and of whose trustworthiness throughout the whole expedition Palliser spoke most highly. (Blakiston, coming out via Hudson Bay, did not join the party until after it reached Carlton House.) The equipment consisted of 30 horses, five carts and several waggons. Along the route the party experienced the usual hazards besetting early western travellers—fierce hordes of mosquitoes, electric storms, scarcity of fuel and drinking water on the open plains. They enjoyed the hunting but even it at times was a detriment to orderly progress when M. Bourgeau, according to Hector, would take off in pursuit of game, thereby throwing out the mileage calculations derived from the odometer attached to his cart!

At Pembina the party made observations of the international boundary, correcting the location of a marker placed there some years before. Travelling via Turtle Mountain they reached Fort Ellice in mid-August. From this point, Palliser and Hector, guided by James McKay, the officer in charge at Fort Ellice, made a side excursion to Roche Percée on the Souris River to examine the strange rock formations and search for the soft coal of which they had heard rumours.

Representative of the description contained in the journal is this of Roche Percée:

> The manner in which the sandstones decompose gives rise to curious figures, which the Indians regard with superstitious dread. Hard concretions occur, which resist the action of the atmosphere a much longer time than the softer portions, and

†Unfortunately Palliser's personal papers appear to have been destroyed when Sinn Feiners burned his family home in Ireland, but Sir James Hector's notebooks and correspondence relating to the expedition were preserved in New Zealand whence he subsequently emigrated. They are in custody of the Hocken Library, University of Otago.

they thus become isolated and perched in natural pillars, which are grouped as if they formed the ruins of ancient buildings. One of these pillars standing out from the side of the valley is perforated by a large hole, and is "La Roche Percée," from which the locality derives its name. The Indians never pass this stone without making some offering to the Manito which to their minds it represents, such as rubbing vermillion on it, or depositing beads, tobacco, or the like in the crevices. It is also covered with rude designs carved with their knives on the soft surface of the stone.

Following the visit to Roche Percée, where the party was the first to confirm the existence of lignite coal deposits, the expedition proceeded from Fort Ellice to the elbow of the South Saskatchewan. There they discovered a connecting link between waters flowing into the Saskatchewan and Qu'Appelle Rivers, a feature further investigated by Professor Hind of the Canadian exploring expedition the following season. After wintering at Fort Carlton, Palliser meanwhile making a trip to the east to further arrangements, the expedition proceeded in 1858 to examine the Saskatchewan river to its headwaters and penetrated the mountain region. Operations were carried out during that and the following year through hostile Blackfoot country, a success which Palliser attributed to having made friends with the chiefs at Rocky Mountain House before proceeding into their country, and at the same time Dr. Hector established a favorable reputation with the Indians through his medical ministrations. Despite the reluctance of his Métis crew to accompany him, Palliser had a strong party with him in 1859 since he was able to engage the services of several Americans who had failed in an attempt to cross the mountains in search of gold.

The exploration of the plains resulted in the delineation of three prairie steppes or levels, a designation which has become an accepted part of the nomenclature of western topography. The first level stretched from the Lake of the Woods across the Red south of the boundary, and thence north-westward towards Swan River, meeting the North Saskatchewan below Fort à la Corne. The second level stretched beyond to a line running north-west from Roche Percée to the elbow of the South Saskatchewan, and then northward to the Eagle Hills. The third continued to the Rocky Mountains. Within the prairie region Palliser described as fertile the areas bounding the Red, Assiniboine and North Saskatchewan Rivers, as well as a strip along the foothills of the mountains. The South Saskatchewan flowed through arid country to its elbow, then entered the fertile belt.

Palliser enumerated the advantages of this fertile belt for agricultural settlement. The native grasses therein preserved their nutritive value for livestock throughout the winter. No formidable labour was necessary to clear the land. Ample timber existed for domestic use and coal was readily available. The abundance of fish would help to sustain settlers. He believed that cereal growing had not been sufficiently tested in the area but regarded the excellent wheat and Indian corn which Hector had seen growing on Pratt's farm at Qu'Appelle Lakes as hopeful evidence for its propagation. Night frosts in the region approaching the Rocky Mountains "would probably prove prejudicial to wheat; barley and oats, however, would do well." The Saulteaux, Cree, and Assiniboine Indians, if

A picnic party at Roche Percee about the turn of the century. Note the three baseball players at the top left. Sask. Archives

Part of the Palliser map of 1863 showing the various passes through the mountains. Mt. Bourgeau, Mt. Rundle, and Cascade Mtn., all near Banff, retain their names, but Castle Mtn. is now Mt. Eisenhower. Swift Creek is the present Elbow R. On Sept. 13 and 14, 1858 Palliser camped near its mouth, where Calgary now stands. Sask. Archives

provided with farming implements, would follow the example of settlers and begin to till the soil. However, he believed there would be danger to settlers from Blackfoot war parties.

The true prairies Palliser regarded as arid, a continuation of the American desert. "This central desert extends, however," he wrote, "but a short way into British territory, forming a triangle, having for its base the 49th parallel from longitude 100° to 114° W., with its apex reaching the 52nd parallel of latitude." Within it were isolated fertile patches, notable in the Hand and Cypress Hills. Professor Hind of the Canadian expedition similarly categorized the true prairies as unfit for settlement. The Palliser view persisted until Macoun's report of 1879 began to attract attention to the agricultural possibilities of this area.

At first glance Palliser seems to have been far out in his assessment. George Spence, formerly director of the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Administration, recently estimated before the Canadian Senate's land-use committee that the "Palliser triangle" had produced $10,000,000,000 worth of grain over a fifty year period! However, it required the development of early varieties of spring wheat, technical improvements in the milling industry to cope with hard western wheat, use of "dry farming" methods, improved agricultural machinery, and the provision of extensive marketing facilities before that production could be realized. Even yet periods of recurring drought lend considerable credence to the observations which Palliser made in what was presumably one of the dry cycles. Perhaps his great mistake lay in his failure to realize that the seasonal distribution of rainfall and not the annual precipitation was the significant factor in the region, and that the self-curing grasses and a climate favorable to winter grazing in what was after all the winter home of the buffalo would combine to make southern Alberta and south-western Saskatchewan an excellent ranching country.

As noted earlier, the latter part of the expedition's time, 1859-60, was spent almost entirely in searching for passes in the Canadian Rockies and exploring a possible route beyond to the Pacific coast. This work was carried out by Palliser, Hector, and Sullivan, since Blakiston severed his connection with the expedition in 1858 (because of an unspecified disagreement with Palliser's conduct of it), and Bourgeau had found it necessary to return home in 1859. The expedition established the existence of four major passes—the Kananaskis, Vermilion, Kootanie, and Kicking Horse—and three minor ones, across the Rocky Mountain range within British territory (*Beaver*, March 1937). Of these, Palliser believed the Vermilion to be the most favourable and inexpensive for wheeled traffic. It subsequently became the route of the Banff-Windermere highway. The Kicking Horse, discovered by Hector and so named because of the almost fatal accident he suffered when kicked by his horse, was of course adopted for the Canadian Pacific Railway when it was built.

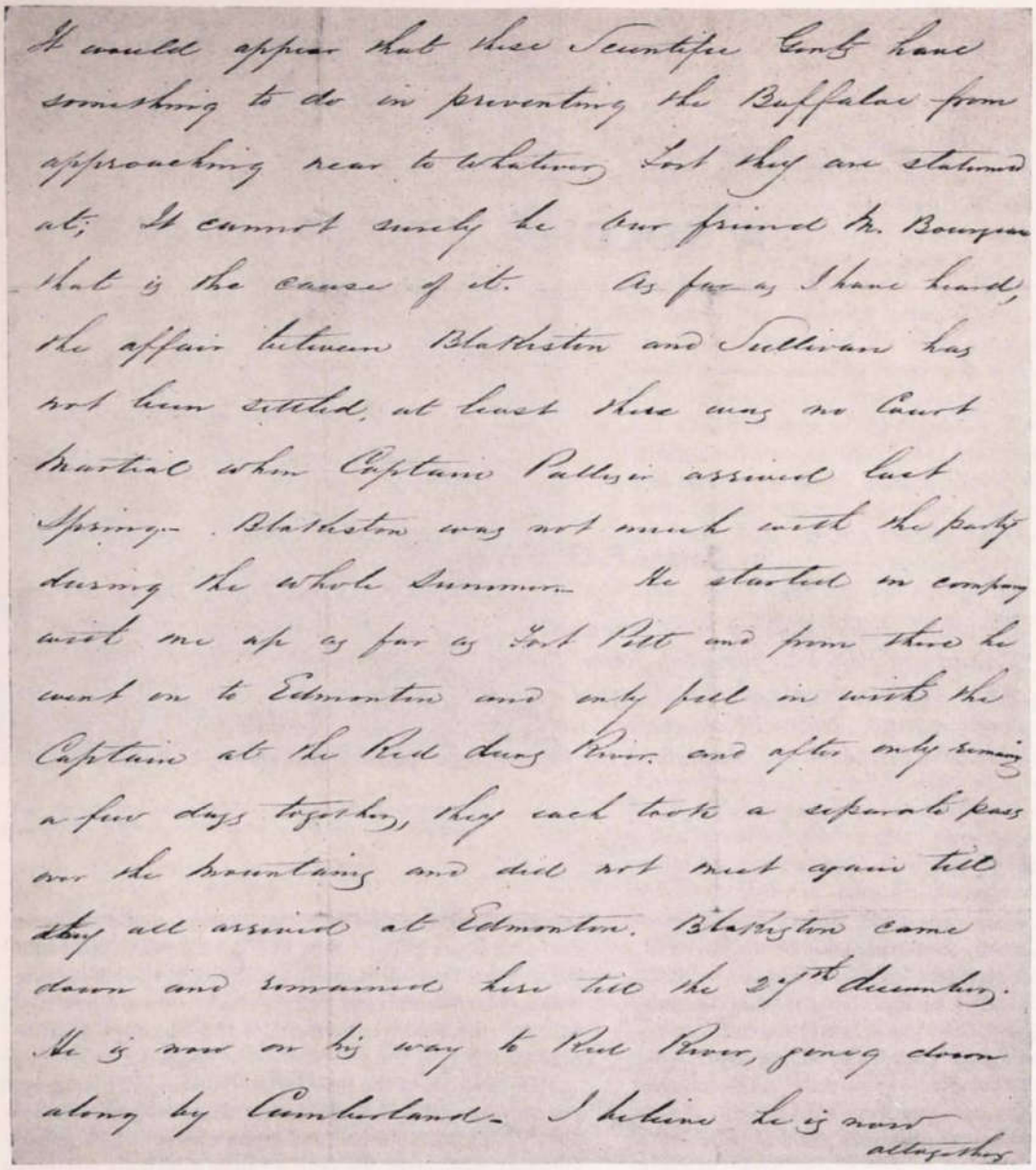
The passes explored by the expedition were not, in the strictest sense, "discoveries." The area had been thoroughly explored by David Thompson fifty years earlier, but no general circulation had been given to the maps which he prepared for the North West Company. Dr. John Rae* observed that "most of the passes had been traversed previously by Hudson's Bay people, but this did not detract from the high credit due to these gentlemen, who had confirmed the correctness of previous observations, and had added the very valuable observations they themselves had made. At the time these passes were first used by the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, there was not that interest in them that there is now, and there was no object in view further than to carry the Company's goods from one part of the country to another."

Beyond the Rocky Mountains Palliser found that reaching a junction with the existing Hudson's Bay Company route from the Pacific to the Okanagan Lakes was an extremely difficult task. He was at length able to state that the expedition had effected this connection from the Saskatchewan plains with a known route through British Columbia, without the necessity of passing through any portion of United States territory. "Still the knowledge of the country on the whole," he wrote, "would never lead me to advocate a line of communication from Canada across the continent to the Pacific, exclusively through British territory. The time has now forever gone by for effecting such an object, and the unfortunate choice of an astronomical boundary line has completely isolated the Central American possessions of Great Britain from Canada in the east, and also almost debarred them from any eligible access from the Pacific coast to the west."

Palliser's opinion about access to the Red River Settlement was counteracted by that of S. J. Dawson of the Canadian expedition who was much more optimistic about crossing the barrier from Lake Superior to Red River. It is interesting to note that Hector, speaking to the Royal Geographical Society after his return to England, commented on Dawson's report with the remark, "If thought necessary, it would be possible to enter the country by that means, and even to lay a railroad down, but the outlay would be enormous."

Despite Palliser's pessimism, his discovery of the mountain passes gave rise in England to hope for the eventual construction of a transcontinental railroad. In accepting

*Rae's copy of *Palliser's Report* is in the Hudson's Bay House library.



It would appear that these Scientific Gents have something to do in preventing the Buffalos from approaching near to Whatimo Fort they are stationed at; It cannot surely be our friend M. Bourgeau that is the cause of it. As far as I have heard, the affair between Blakiston and Sullivan has not been settled, at least there was no Court Martial when Captain Palliser arrived last Spring. Blakiston was not much with the party during the whole Summer. He started in company with me as far as Fort Pitt and from there he went on to Edmonton and only fell in with the Captains at the Red Deer River, and after only seeing a few days together, they each took a separate pass over the Mountains and did not meet again till they all arrived at Edmonton. Blakiston came down and remained here till the 21st December. He is now on his way to Red River, going down along by Cumberland. I believe he is now altogether

Part of a letter from Richard Hardisty at Carlton House, Sask., to Wm. McMurray at Fort Alexander, Man., written on 28 January 1859. The "Scientific Gents" are Palliser and his party. The letter continues ". . . altogether unconnected with Captain Palliser's Expedition and for what reasons, I cannot tell you." Apparently Palliser would not agree to an expedition Blakiston planned to the Bow River and Blakiston complained that Palliser spoiled his maps.
Courtesy Mrs. C. L. McGowan

the Victoria Gold Medal on behalf of Palliser, to whom it had been awarded by the Royal Geographical Society before his return from America, the Earl of Carnarvon said: "It is now not unreasonable to look forward to the establishment of a regular system of transit, commencing from Nova Scotia and the shores of New Brunswick, passing through Canada, touching upon the Red River settlement, crossing the prairies of the Saskatchewan, passing through the Vermilion Pass, where we know that the inclination is so moderate that nature has placed no insurmountable obstacles to the construction of a railway, till it reaches the gold-bearing colony of British Columbia, creating fresh centres of civilization, and consolidating British interests and feelings." ◆

A SOLDIER AT FORT GARRY

by George F. G. Stanley

Sergeant John Balmer who recounts the journey of the Royal Canadian Rifles to the Red River in 1857 enlisted in Ireland when he was twenty and had served in the Mediterranean, West Indies, and Nova Scotia before transferring to that regiment. He was 38 when he volunteered for the force going to Fort Garry.

ON two occasions red-coated British troops were sent to the colony at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. In 1846, and then again in 1857. For two years a handful of infantrymen from the 6th Regiment of Foot, and a few gunners and engineers stood guard at Upper and Lower Fort Garry during the Oregon Crisis; a company of volunteers from the Royal Canadian Rifles performed the same duty from 1857 to 1861.

The years of the 19th century were years of boisterous, aggressive swash-buckling growth in the great western territories of the United States; they were the years too of that firm faith in America's God-given right to occupy the whole of the North American continent—a faith scarcely discouraged by the easy, and successful acquisition of Texas, California and Oregon. Westwards and northwards the frontiers of American settlement expanded: inexorably they moved towards that long, tenuous surveyor's line which separated those territories under the jurisdiction of the United States from those under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. Up the Mississippi, the St. Croix and the Missouri came men looking for lumber, furs, adventure, money and land, driving the Indians and the fur bearing animals before them and bringing their flag and government behind them. Pierre Parrant's bootleg liquor post at Pig's Eye developed into the thriving town of St. Paul, and by 1849 the lands lying between the Missouri and Rupert's Land were given formal political status under the name of the Territory of Minnesota.

The Governor of the new Territory, Alexander Ramsey, young, practical and enthusiastic, identified himself completely with the ambitions and aspirations of Minnesotans. He was quick to see the opportunities which his territory offered for settlement and the opportunities, too, for the annexation of the land and colony down the Red River valley to the north. Scarcely had he taken up his residence in St. Paul than he despatched Major Samuel Woods with forty soldiers to select a site for a new military post at Pembina. It was a significant move, for Pembina's ties, economically and racially, were with the Red River Settlement. During the years which followed, American interest and influence bit deeply into British territory—deeply enough to bring back sore memories of the loss of Oregon because of the inability of a few Company trading posts manned by a few Company servants to hold it against the push of American settlement and the threats of the Ameri-

Professor Stanley, author of "Canada's Soldiers: 1604-1954" and other books and articles, is head of the department of history at Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario.

John Balmer and his wife, Margaret, who accompanied him to Red River, with their youngest son George.

can government. Was the story of the Columbia to be repeated so soon in the valley of the Red?

The potential dangers to British sovereignty in North America latent in the doctrine of Manifest Destiny, were more real to the British and Canadian authorities than to those of the Hudson's Bay Company. The men on the spot were, naturally, far more concerned with their own immediate problems than with the more remote possibilities of international politics. Their problems were essentially economic—the successful prosecution of a trade already threatened by the increasing inroads of the free-traders. The maintenance of public order and the maintenance of the Company's position in the fur trade were, in the minds of senior Company officials, inseparable; they could not have the one without the other. Hence the suggestion, as the time approached for a reconsideration by the British government of the Company's position in the north-west, of coupling a request for military assistance with a petition for the renewal of the Company's trading privileges.*

Major Woods's American soldiers had not remained at Pembina in 1849. Yet in 1856 they were back again. Their re-appearance was prompted by the unhappy relations which existed between the Americans and the Sioux; but their presence on the frontier and Colonel Smith's attempt to prevent the Red River half-breeds from crossing the international boundary in search of buffalo, were both a source of misgiving to the Hudson's Bay Company authorities and an opportunity to press for the early despatch of British troops to Fort Garry. Governor Shepherd of the Hudson's Bay Company could urge upon the Imperial government, not only the arguments that such troops would have a stabilizing effect upon an excited population in Red River and provide a powerful aid to the civil power, but also that they would furnish a counterpoise to the growing influence of the United States in the north-west and serve as a useful defence should the rising tide of Sioux hostility towards the whites of Minnesota spill across the frontier into British territory. If the first arguments would not carry great weight in London, at least the others would—and did. The Company's request therefore gained more favourable consideration than most Company petitions; and instructions were issued by the War Office to the effect that a contingent of 100 to 120 men of the Royal Canadian Rifles should be equipped and despatched at once to Fort Garry. This unit, recruited from men who had seen no less than seven years' service in the British Army, had been raised in 1840 and was permanently localized in Canada. Organized primarily for garrison purposes, it was considered more suitable for the task which would be required of it than any of the regular British regiments then on duty at the several British North American stations.

The old North West Company canoe route, via Lake Superior, Rainy River, Lake of the Woods, and the Winnipeg River (later used by Colonel Wolseley during the days of Riel's first rising in 1870) had largely fallen into disuse since the union of the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies in 1821. The Bay route had established itself firmly as the main entry to the Company's territories; and the overland route via St. Paul, soon to be developed with the extension of rail and steamboat facilities, could not be used to transport British troops. It was, therefore, by the traditional route that the Royal Canadian Rifles came to the Red River Settlement in 1857. The troops, under the command of Major George Seton, set sail from Montreal on June 23rd, headed north up the Labrador coast, and towards the end of August reached York Factory. By October they were in barracks at Fort Garry.

Among the soldiers who made this journey was Sergeant John Balmer, one of the few to leave a written account of his personal experiences. Here is his story in his own words:

I was always willing to go anywhere in Her Majesty's Service, and so I volunteered. The H.B. Company needed

*See A. C. Gluek "Imperial Protection for the Trading Interests of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1857-1861." (*Canadian Historical Review*, June, 1956.)

Tracking boats up part of the Hayes River between York Factory and Lake Winnipeg. By Peter Rindisbacher.
Public Archives of Canada

help against two tribes of Indians who were at war and in case of hunger were sure to rob the Company's stores. The Government gave the Company one hundred men including all Ranks, the Company furnishing a Ship, well provisioned, and bearing all other expense. There were only 12 married men allow[d] to go. I was one of the twelve. I was Acting Sergeant, but before we embark[d] I was made full Sergeant. We had to make away with all our furniture, utensils and Baggage, except what was absolutely necessary, packed in a large canvas bag well painted and waterproof, 6 ft. long and same in circumference. This held a lot of Stuff and would stand any amount of rough usage. It served us both going and coming back.

About the middle of June, after bidding goodbye to a crowd of friends, we embarked on a River Steamer for Montreal; stopp[d] a few days there and then boarded a great Strong Ship with a Strong Name which was *Great Britain*! A brand new Ship, Cap[t] Wilson. All being ready, Cap[t] Wilson weighed Anchor, Struck [or rather made] Sail and steered down the beautiful St. Lawrence past Quebec, Grosse Isle, Anticosti, etc. What a mighty rush up and down the great River this season of the year! Dozens of Ships and Steamers making their way to & from Quebec & Montreal. . . .

I will not dwell now in the narration of the long voyage more than to say we enjoy a Snow Storm on the 28th of July and arrived at York Factory at the end of August. The country is low and flat round here and the water shallow from the immense deposit of Mud brought by Spring Freshets and grating ice from the Rivers. Had to cast Anchor and not being able to see any sign of the Settlement, Fired Guns and Shot Rockets up high in the Air; by this means our situation was made known and a Schooner was sent to bid us welcome! When the Tide is out nothing but *Mud* is to be seen between the Ship and Land. No sand nor gravel. A part of our people we told to be ready by next Tide to board the Schooner. When the Tide rose it was after dark nevertheless the work of loading the Craft with living freight went on slowly. All women and children went first. . . . The Tide was now on the "go" when they made sail for York Factory with a very light wind. We expected the Craft back in the morning with full tide. When we look[d] out in the morning we saw the Schooner with her previous load of humanity lying on her Side in the Mud! She remained that way of course till the Tide flowed.

The Factory or Fort not over a Mile off in the mouth of the Nelson* River was not visible from the Ship on account of the flatness of the Country. We all got safely landed during the day 31st Aug[t]. There was a sharp frost this Morn[g]. The plank walks were white and slippery. We got securely if not comfortably housed for a couple of weeks and supplied with everything needful; even with a Church and Divine Service. The H.B.C. people are mostly from Scotland and they did not join heartily in the English Church Service. The Rector ask[d] the Bishop at Fort Garry what was best to do for the good of the people. He told him to use his Judgment and modify the Ritual as best he could to evangelize the community. The Methodist missionaries had accomplished a good work among the Indians and ½breeds. I was delighted to hear singing and prayer every day in the Wigwams of the Indian Traders [trappers] who come long distances with their Furs. The Residence of the Chief Factor, the dwellings of the employees, Stores and workshops constitute the Village called "York Factory." There is a big Tin-Smith Shop here that turns out a lot of work. There were lots of berries ripe among the bushes, raspberry, black-

*Actually on the Hayes River—Ed.

A halt on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, by a wrecked boat, on the way to Red River settlement. By Peter Rindisbacher.
Public Archives of Canada

berry, blueberry and other berries; but vegt[bls] are nearly nil. I saw some cabbage plants trying to grow but they were nothing but leaves.

While here we some days had "salt goose" instead of beef for dinner. Geese are so plentiful here in the fall that one can bring down a dozen or more at a Shot when they rise out of the Swamps a short distance in front of you. The Company salt them down for provision. . . .

Twelve large Battoes [York boats] were sent from Fort Garry to convey the Troops up the River. There were 2 Brigades, 6 Boats each Brigade. I had charge of one Brigade and Forget the other. Each boat had 8 men as a crew—6 oarsmen, one to steer with a long oar, and one at the bow with a long pole and hook with which to shove her clear of a rock ahead or with the hook to catch hold of anything. When all the Baggage was loaded and also provisions and arms & accoutrements packed in dry boxes, we at the cry "all aboard" started from Y.F. not to see it again for 4 years, 1861. The Brigades kept some distance apart to avoid crowding at the "Portages." We had 12 women, one in each boat and 8½ Rifle men, that was 9 for 4 boats & 8 each for 8 boats. Only two or three women had *no children*. We had good protection from rain, plenty of water proof canvas.

We left "York" about 14th Sep[r] & arrived at Fort Garry 13[th] Oct[r], pitched tents ashore at night and stop[d] and had meals on Terra Firma—no scarcity of fuel. Wood everywhere you turned. How glad I would be now if I had kept a Diary! I can't give a correct detail of the River voyage; but I can mention somethings I remember. This time of the year water in the River was in someplaces very shallow, so that the Boats which were heavyly loaded would touch the stoney bottom a little to the right or left of the centre of the channel, at this two or three of the Crew would jump into the water and put their shoulders to the boat and shove it over to deeper water. This operation was aided by poles pushed against the bottom at the shallow side. When the current was too strong in the narrow places the oarsmen would have to attach a very long line to the bow and walk on the Bank and pull like horses. This time of year there is no need to walk on the bank because there is plenty of the River dry between water and bank and in many places there is no bank at all but just bushes and trees touching the water mark. Indians and halfbreeds make first rate Boatmen. Their food is Pemiken and flour with tea.

When we come to a "Portage" every living Soul gets out to walk and the crew carrie the baggage and "Stuff" over the portage. Each piece is about 90 to 100 pounds weight. At some portages the empty Boats can be hauled through. At other places they have to be taken out of the water and moved along on Rollers; the whole Brigade to one Boat, they are [so] big and heavy; as the boat is being forced along two or three men are carrying the loose Rollers to the front and placing them in position. Thus the work goes on and it is considered jolly Fun!

Every evening I weighed out the Soldiers' Rations for the next day; I was acting Quarter Master & had charge of the provisions. Sea-Bread, Pork, Beef, Tea, Sugar, flour, meal, split peas, preserved pulverised milk, Salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, raisins, currants & Rum! A gill to every man daily. I slept with my head on the Keg every night, lest any "dry" customer might rob me.

We came across the other Boat Brigades carrying Settlers merchandise some of which had been 2 years in transit! Some seasons there is so much trafic that there cant be found conveyance enough, therefore what's left behind had to lie over till next year! that's slow work.

The dealing Settlers [*i.e.*, storekeepers in the Settlement] sent their orders every year 12 mo* in advance. And as I said some times 2 years expired before he received them. With one of these Brigades there was a Catholic Priest a passenger. I used to see him on the shore by himself and God, where he erected his little portable Altar & perform Mass I suppose to his own Satisfaction.

One night we had to sleep in a Swamp, made dry beds by felling trees (They grow in Swamps) and putting Branches under canvas to sleep on. Our chief Guide, an old French Canadian, had been 39 years on this duty. At sunrise in the morning he would rouse his men by shouting Lib! Lib! Lib! [*Lève*] These Indians and ½ breeds when at hand will use a clean flat rock for a bake board and when the cake [bannock] is hardened on the pan is placed in front of the Fire to finish the Baking. Two or three minutes on the pan hardens it so they can turn out a lot to stand at the fire in a short time.

There is one "Portage" ¾ of a mile long and takes a whole day to "do" it. A few days after this big portage we come to an H.B.C. Station or Fort at the north end of a beautiful Lake. The Co^{y} had all the nice, advantageous places occupied and they have possession of them yet amounting to the 7th of the whole north West!* This Fort is call^{d} "Oxford House." Here we were kindly helped to new potatoes, and they were very new tho' about the 1st of Oct^{r}, they could never ripen because frost is near. If any of the supplies run short they are renew^{d} at this and the other Stations. At the North end of Lake Winipeg is "Norway House"; 300 miles north of Fort Garry now Winipeg. At this Norway House there is a nice Settlement of civilised Indians, a church, a School and a Printing Office. Great business in Furs is done here. All Barter—Exchange of Furs for goods. I should have said that this is a Methodist Missionary Station. The great Saskatchewan River enter the Lake here. This Lake Winnipeg nearly 300 miles to within a few leagues of the City. It is noted for the production of Whitefish which are caught in the fall and kept frozen all through the winter.

We were delaid 3 days in the lake by a head wind. Had a jolly time on shore. The Boatmen started their fires, commenced baking and frying eating and drinking (tea). Same as when hunting and kill a Buffalo they never stop eating, dancing & sleeping until all is consumed. The Guide was afraid that if the Wind did not soon change the supplies would run short and Starvation follow. We had a baby funeral here. A female child of Color Serg^{t} McDonald died and was burried on the Shore of the Lake in the presence of its weeping Mother. The Mother having dried her tears and the wind changed we got in the Boats, made sail and were off again.

One night we went to sleep as usual, the Boats being under sail and properly man^{d} by steers man, bow man and a man at the Halliard to let go in case of a Squal rising. At the word "Let go!" down comes the Sail and then the wind has little effect—none on the Sail. This evening while the Stars were coming one by one, I and my wife and three children stowed ourselves away in stern to sleep. When we awoke next morning we found ourselves high and dry on a small island and none of the other boats in Sight! having enquired the reason of this was told that there was a great Storm! during the night and that we were near being lost! The Boats got scattered and when the wind went down they each made for nearest land. What a mercy! I never had a better night's sleep in my life. "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep Rocked on the Cradle of the Deep."

I should have told you that the day we moved on after the head wind ceased was Sunday, and the Boatmen refused to break the Sabbath by working on it. They were converted Christians (Methodists) and pio[u]s. The military Captain said they must obey and ordered his men to "fall-in" (assemble in force) and fix Bayonets! & then commanded "With ball Cartridge *load*!" The poor fellows were told that as the provisions were running low it were better for them to Start and not wait to be Shot! I dont know what Capt^{n} would have done if they had persisted in refusing his orders. But this I know—"He was King of all he surveyed! His right none dared to dispute" and off we sailed.

We are now near the Red River of the North which enters the Lake from the South. This is about 10th Oct^{r} and on the 13th we made Fort Garry in good health. We had a winter in Kingston, another winter during the summer voyage in ice and snow much of the time—three winters in succession! 3rd winter in Fort Garry.

13th Oct^{r} 1857. Here we are in front of Fort Garry and the Indians dancing in great Glee dancing their War Dance! These are civilised Indians—not the Belligerent Tribes from whom the H.B. Company needed to be protected. One Major Seaton of our Corps had been sent in advance via U.S. Route in order to see preparations made for our accommodation, and right nobly he had done it. Several of the large Stores Houses had been fitted up for the comfort and convenience of the men, and a Separate apartment for each married man. We had our back Pay to draw in full; the Co^{y} did not allow us to pay a cent for our Keep during the long voyage. And they had 6 or 7 Acres of rich land plow^{d} and divided between married and single men; the former division subdivided into family plots, the latter part all worked together by the single men. This ground gave healthy exercise in working and produced an

*At the surrender of Rupert's Land in 1870 the Company was allotted one-twentieth of the land set out for settlement in the Fertile Belt only.

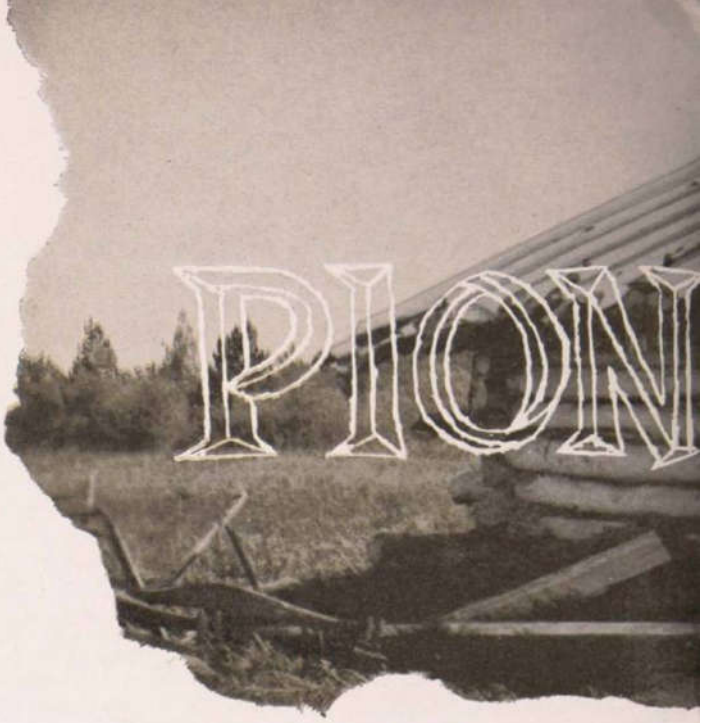
Young Rindisbacher depicted his journey from York Factory to Fort Garry in 1821. This was part of the Hayes known as Hill River. C. H. Rindesbacher

abundant supply of roots and other vegetables. In addition to this each family was furnished with a milch Cow and free pasture. The progeny was our own but the Mother Cow was returned to the Herd from which she was taken. In my garden I raised cabbage, the largest I ever saw and turnips weighing 16 lbs each! One of these with tops and roots cut close and dried in the roothouse for some time was taken to the office of the "NorWester" and weighed 16 lbs! This fact was published in that (the first) Newspaper published in that Country.

We had no troubles with the Indians. When the Troops were on parade going through "Bayonet Exercise" and some other movements, the local Indians and others who might have come from a distance stood amazed at the proficiency of the men and deadly force of these Weapons if called into real use.

During the Summer of '58 the contending Tribes thought it most convenient to make friends & Smoke the "Pipe of Peace." The Chiefs and their select "Braves" were kindly received by Governor McTavish & lodged during their Stay in the Court House. And supplied with plenty of tobacco and all necessary provisions. And for sure they did enjoy themselves. They are good natured, harmless people when not hungry. Hunger would vex most anybody. When they had gone through their Ceremony of the "Pipe of Peace" & of "burying the hatchet" they were escorted across the River by a "Guard of Honor" of armed soldiers. When a couple of miles away the Guard halted & formed a double line allowing them to pass through when we fired a "Salute" with small Arms, and having two Brass "Field Pieces" with us they were fired too. The Braves never heard a big gun before and oh how they jump[d] with fright at the Bang! Bang! of these Guns. Their alarm however soon turned to admiration and they went on their way rejoicing and hoping to be ever on good terms with the English.

Balmer remained with the Royal Canadian Rifles until his return to St. Johns, P.Q., in 1861. In that year he took his discharge and moved to Hamilton. In the autumn of 1870 he removed to Toronto where he became superintendent of the Toronto Necropolis for eighteen years. He died in Oshawa on 12 October, 1898. Shortly before his death he wrote a manuscript autobiography, from which the portion quoted above has been taken with the kind permission of his granddaughter, Mrs. O. O. Worden of Toronto. ◆



Mary Jordens in her early

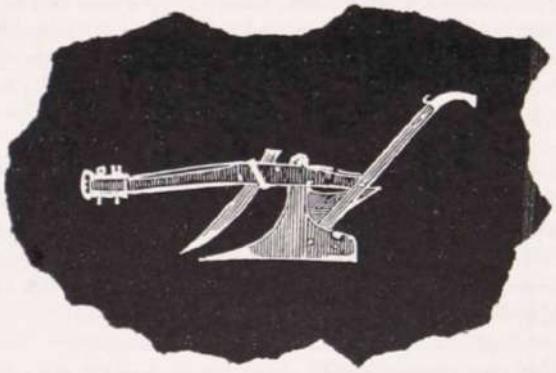
by Barbara Kilvert

Mrs. Kilvert is a Winnipeg journalist, daughter of Mr. Chipman who also contributes to this issue.

IT was autumn when Mary Jordens first went up the dusty mission road to her new homestead in the Qu'Appelle Valley in 1888. The nearby river was low in its banks, cutting a narrow streak through the poplars and wolf willows; a smudge of smoke from the log house was thumb-printed against the blue gulf of sky.

Mrs. Jordens, one of Saskatchewan's pioneer settlers, had come west with her family in 1885. She was then Mary Rainville, from the Eastern Townships of Quebec. She had married a school teacher, Frank Jordens, in 1887, and for the first year the young couple moved about the southern plains in the North West Territories until they chose their homestead in the Qu'Appelle Valley, shortly after the birth of their first child.

Mrs. Jordens has written a thoughtful chronicle of her many years in the West and this 90-page manuscript is now in the Provincial Archives of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. Her account of crop failures, prairie fires, runaway horses, sod shacks, hand flail threshing, domestic pleasures and disasters could serve as a typical history of many others who, hopefully, bravely, despairingly, fearfully, pushed back the frontiers in the Promised Land of the West.

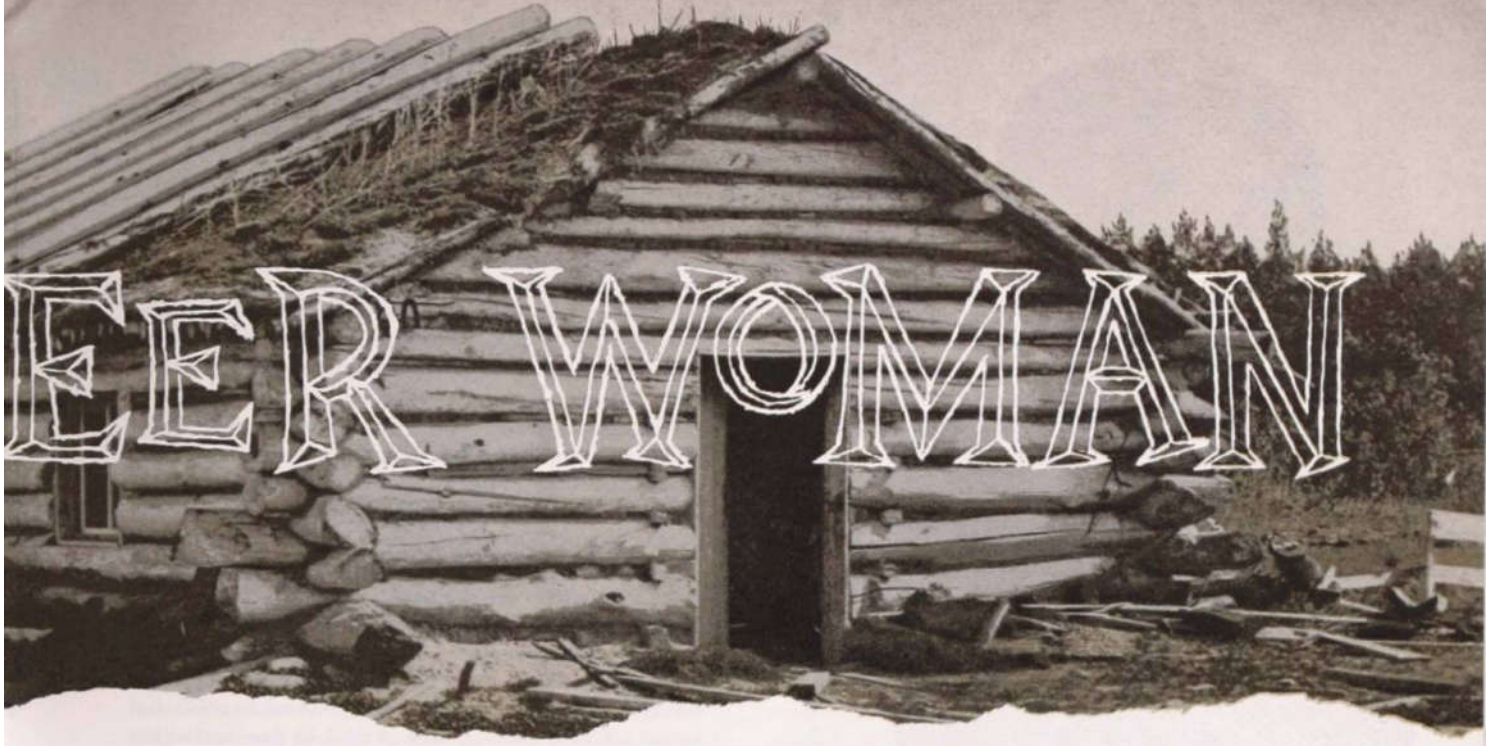


And, although the memoirs were written nearly sixty years after Mrs. Jordens first walked across the threshold of the log house in the valley, she can recall, with loving accuracy, every corner of her first real home, every stick of furniture; her great contentment in new-found security.

"Having gone this way and that so often, I was happy to have a nice home of my own. It wasn't lonely because the road to the mission ran right in front of the house with the river close behind. There was a small stable and a cow. We couldn't wish for anything better."

In the three years since her arrival from Quebec—by immigrant train, boat and ox cart—Mary Jordens had put down her roots in the West and through the many years to follow, and through the many moves to different pioneer settlements, she never lost her love of the verdant Qu'-Appelle Valley.

Her father was the first man to settle in the Gotham district, in 1884. He had come alone, leaving his French-Canadian wife and six children in the East. Making his entry for a half square mile of open prairie, Godfrey Rainville bought an ancient team of oxen, a wagon, some floor lumber for his shack, a breaking plough, cook stove, kitchen outfit and provisions. And then began the hard lonely task



twenties was not without courage . . . not without humour.

of settling—cutting logs in the broad ravine to the north, dragging them with logging chains, one by one. Neighbours helped him raise the walls but it was a quick rough job. The bark was left on the logs and on the roofing rails. A crosswise log was set out as a beam to support the heavy sod roof; under this beam, in the centre of the room, a large post was set to prevent the whole building sagging.

According to his daughter, "It didn't look very nice but it was safe; and another thing, the sods which had been ploughed wide had been placed shinglewise and not a drop of water leaked through."

The fruit of his labours met with an unenthusiastic response from his wife and children when they arrived in July, 1885.

"It was about dark when Father stopped the old oxen in front of a low sod-roofed building with a wide low door. No one moved, so he said: 'Well, aren't you going to come in?' and Mother said, 'What, isn't that the stable?' "

When the family had trooped inside, and the lamps had been lit, the building still seemed more like a cave than a house—only two small windows and the big post in the centre. The ceiling looked dark because the rails hadn't been peeled and the whole interior had been plastered with khaki-coloured mud.

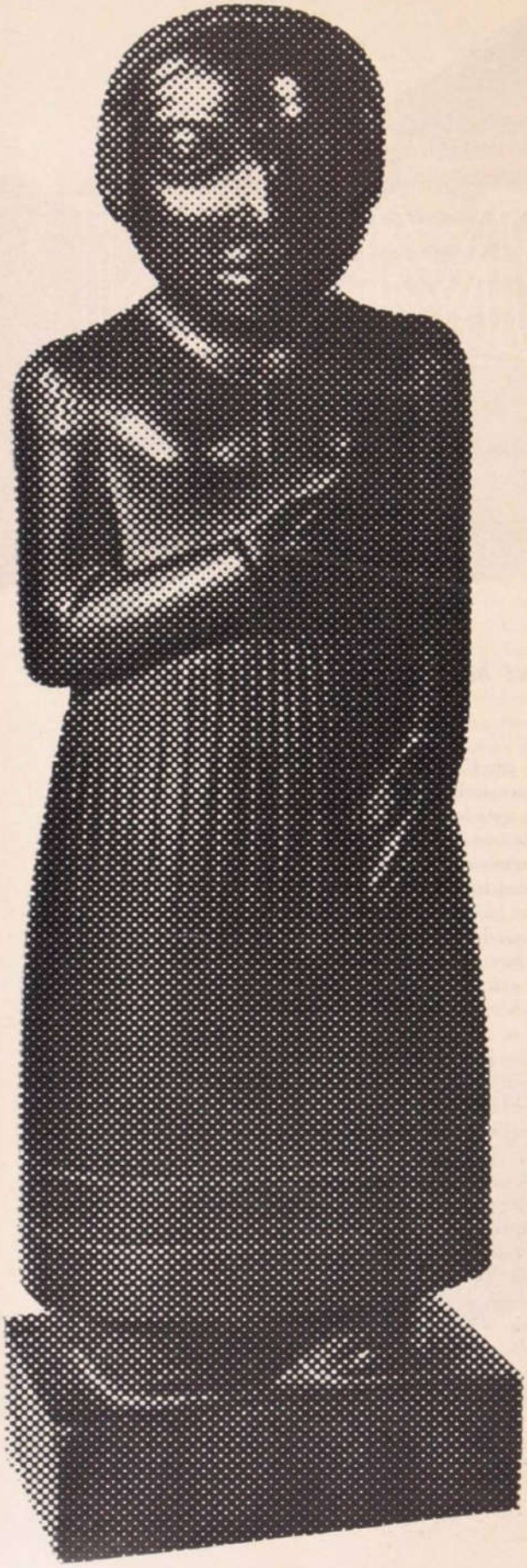
"Later we discovered we were really very comfortable. This little cabin kept us cool in summer and warm in winter for the next seven years."

Now the Rainville family was all together again and there was work to be done. In this unfamiliar district the winters were long, the valley choked with snow, but each year the bud of spring burst and the land flowered. Then each member of the family had special duties in the quickened tempo of the season, and short, slight, Mary, with her hair braid dancing at her back, learned to milk cows, knead bread, pick chokecherries, rake the tall, thick, slough hay, make rag rugs and straw hats, carry water, pail by pail, from the slough on wash day . . . a few of the many chores she would later handle as a farm mother.

Like so many others—hard working and hopeful—the Rainvilles laboured for the present; planned for the future. Improvements and additions to the farm came in time.

"We had no place to set the milk pans until Father dug a root cellar. It was connected to the house cellar—about 12 by 15 by six feet deep, thickly covered with clay. It stood the rain and the frost as well as anything I've seen since made of costly material. He also built a little granary, using smaller, well-peeled logs and a shingle roof."

The valley held memories for Mary—good memories of picnics and dances with floor-thumping Red River jigs, her first job as a hired girl on a nearby farm, her six-week courtship with English-born Jordens, her nuptial mass when she, as a creamy-skinned bride of 16, wore a hand-made blue cashmere dress and put her hair up for the first time.



So the young wife, returning to the lovely land, was delighted that she and Frank could move into their own log cabin not far from her family's homestead. But they weren't fated to occupy the house long. Within a matter of months Frank Jordens was offered a new school at Fort Pelly, 120 miles away.

Mary was appalled. She felt it impossible to take her new-born infant on such a long drive during the coldest part of the winter. Most of all she dreaded the loss of the farm; the sheltering wings of her own roof. But the offer appealed to her husband and he decided to go ahead until Mary and the baby could travel in the spring. The Rainvilles were also to make use of the Jordens' farm land if they desired. Off to Fort Pelly went Frank Jordens.

And now she was alone—this teen-aged wife, who, as a member of a large, lively and devoted family, had been accustomed to endless conversation, mutual interests and shared activity. Through most of the long days and nights the little house heard only her own soft voice murmuring, actually for her own comfort, to her swaddled infant.

In addition to her deepening loneliness, Mary Jordens faced the hard work and inconvenience of managing the home on her own. One night there was a blizzard. The enormous white silence of the morning found the house cut off from the world by six-foot drifts. She had to get out to the river to break the ice for water as there was no well, and she needed to look after the cow and get wood for the house. So Mary Jordens, armed with the little fire shovel, began the long task of digging a narrow passageway along the wall from the front door, which she'd managed to open about a foot by pushing hard against the soft snow.

Her rescue was aided by her father's big dog, who'd come to pay her a visit and seemed to sense her distress. "He followed me into the house and I wrote a note to Father which I wrapped securely and tied to a string around the dog's neck. Then I let him out and very shortly after that Father was digging me out with a real shovel and Black was prancing around, wanting to be praised for what he'd done."

Time went slowly, but at last the hard-frozen earth, softened by thaw and rain, formed dreary trenches of mud and water, and in the green-ripening spring, during school holidays, Frank Jordens returned from Fort Pelly to get his wife and child. He had hired a team and large double-seated rig so that, without the back seat, there was room for a trunk and bedding. But the Jordens didn't take their stove and Mary was to rue the day she'd left it behind. When they arrived at the Indian school at Fort Pelly, Mary found to her dismay that there was only an open chimney for cooking.

"But I didn't complain—hoping that we'd soon buy a cheap stove. But no. It seems we couldn't even buy potatoes in this God-forsaken place. No one churned cream for butter and what we could buy at the nearest store six miles away was rank and smelly, just like the bacon, yellowed from long standing. No canned goods either. Dried apples or prunes were the only fruits sold. Frank made a garden but what a time it took before we could see the lettuce leaves creep up.

"I think the worst thing was the want of bread—real risen bread. However, I made lovely bannocks by setting them in a frying pan, facing the live coals in the chimney, and by turning the cakes this way and that, I got them to bake evenly with a golden colour."

The first months weren't easy. "We couldn't afford shoes so we wore moccasins the Indians made up for us of moose hide." But things improved gradually. The much-desired cook stove was bought and Mary "began to live like a white woman again." Frank Jordens bought a new black mare, a second-hand buckboard, a cow; later some colts and calves. The Indian agent put up a wing next to the school and at last the Jordens could occupy a real bedroom—one made of boards and covered with long slough hay and clay. Up to then their bed had been in the mud-plastered kitchen, part of which was tumbling down.

The children came as regularly as the years. When their third baby was just six weeks old, the Jordens decided to move on again. The priest at St. Lazare, Manitoba, had offered them jobs at his place—Frank was to look after the ranch and Mary was to be housekeeper. By now Frank had bargained off his cattle and buckboard for a Clydesdale horse and a big farm wagon and the family set off for St. Lazare in the wagon with a team hitched on.

It was rough going in the uncovered vehicle—no sunshade or umbrella in case of rain. The children lost their sun hats and under the high hot sun of July the baby's face was badly blistered. But they made it to the mission and carried out their duties there until the next spring when wanderlust again seized the head of the household.

Mary Jordens, in her early twenties, was not without courage; not without humour. But, being human, neither was she beyond experiencing momentary flashes of impatience when the bubble of her husband's impracticable schemes invariably burst. Mary, like most women, hated poor food, rough lodgings, insects, debt, a gipsy life that lacked security. She found much of this in her marriage but she respected Frank's wit and superior education; was moved by his innate gentleness and honesty, and remained, throughout her life, a devoted and dutiful wife.

"It's a good thing I had plenty of horse sense, practical to the limit, which he was not. Of course I didn't know that until we'd been married and I'd seen him trade a live pig for a boat he couldn't use, just because someone asked him to. It was to be like that all our life."

Most of all, the young wife hated the constant uprooting of the family in those early days together but she never failed to rally. In fact some of the moves proved pleasant experiences. When they left the mission for Frank's new school at the Sioux Reserve, 11 miles west of Lebret, Mary found she quickly grew to like the new district and the Sioux Indians themselves.

"They were all full-blooded Indians and had a lodge where they held their Sunday reunions or pow-wows. We'd see them on their way to the lodge, all painted and wearing rings in their ears, and long braids, with bands tied around their heads, trimmed with the best turkey feathers. They had bells around their ankles so that at each step the little bells would jingle. They wore blankets but when the ceremonies started they would cast them aside and stand in nothing but loin cloths."

Once, when Mary's sister was visiting her on the Reserve, the two women went, after dark, to the lodge and watched the Indians through a chink in the log wall.

"After supper they did a dance—a sort of dip with the knees while making one step forward. Holding each other by the hand, they formed a circle around the campfire. The music was just like someone keeping time with sticks on a drum made of skins like rawhide. After the first dance, they put on their blankets and sat down, legs crossed like tailors, and began making speeches."

By 1894, with yet another baby in the cradle, Frank Jordens began talking of a farm. Soon the children would

need to go to school and he wanted to settle down. Mary could only gratefully agree. But it took time—two years with the addition of another Jordens infant—to find a suitable spot. Their choice was an improved farm at Summerberry, with sod-covered log buildings and 40 acres under cultivation.

The Jordens at first encountered hard luck. The house was in two parts. Frank put bunks against the wall in the kitchen while he and his wife used the large front room. First a heavy rain fell and the roof leaked. "I was kept mopping up the water till late at night and I put an umbrella over the baby to make sure he wouldn't get wet." Later there was a cyclone which shook the house until the heavy sod fell down in great lumps inside.

But, with Frank's desire to succeed . . . sometime, somehow . . . and Mary's "tough-minded" resourcefulness and energy, they scraped along. First came a shingle roof. Later they raised part of the house as an upstairs. On credit they bought a binder, breaking plough, seed drill and other implements. Finally they owed $3,000 here and there and decided they'd better borrow to pay off their scattered debts. Many farms were in the same predicament, trying to make a beginning with very little capital; as soon as the farms had value they were mortgaged to buy needed machinery or make other improvements.

"But at least we lived like human beings all this while," Mary Jordens recalls with pride. "We dressed the family and brought them to church on Sunday; sent them to school two miles away—which meant shoes, and more shoes. Later on we bought an old church organ for $20. All the children showed a talent for music so we exchanged that one for a six-octave organ. The two oldest children took music lessons in Wolseley twice a week."

They spent 11 years at Summerberry, busy, fruitful years, with five more children born and many farm projects planned and executed. "I helped with all my powers," says Mary Jordens, looking back on the work and the love, the fatigue, the anxiety, and the contentment of those days. Her hands were never still; she swept and scoured the house; fed, scrubbed, disciplined a tangle of boisterous children; milked the cows, raised chickens, ran the cream separator; sewed and dyed the youngsters' shirts from cotton flour bags; even went into the fields to help the men stook and stack the hay.

The long, warmly-reminiscent manuscript, written by Mrs. Jordens in 1945 at the age of 74, concludes on a wistful note:

"When in the year 1885 a young friend and I stood on the wonderful Qu'Appelle valley hills, viewing the scenery below—between the two lakes, the green of the trees on the opposite side, the flowing river which looked like a white ribbon spread out as ornament—how peaceful we thought it looked and how little we knew of the trials that were to come."

Yet, had she known, it's doubtful that Mary Jordens would have cast herself in a different role or played out her domestic drama against any other backdrop than this fertile and lovely land. ◆

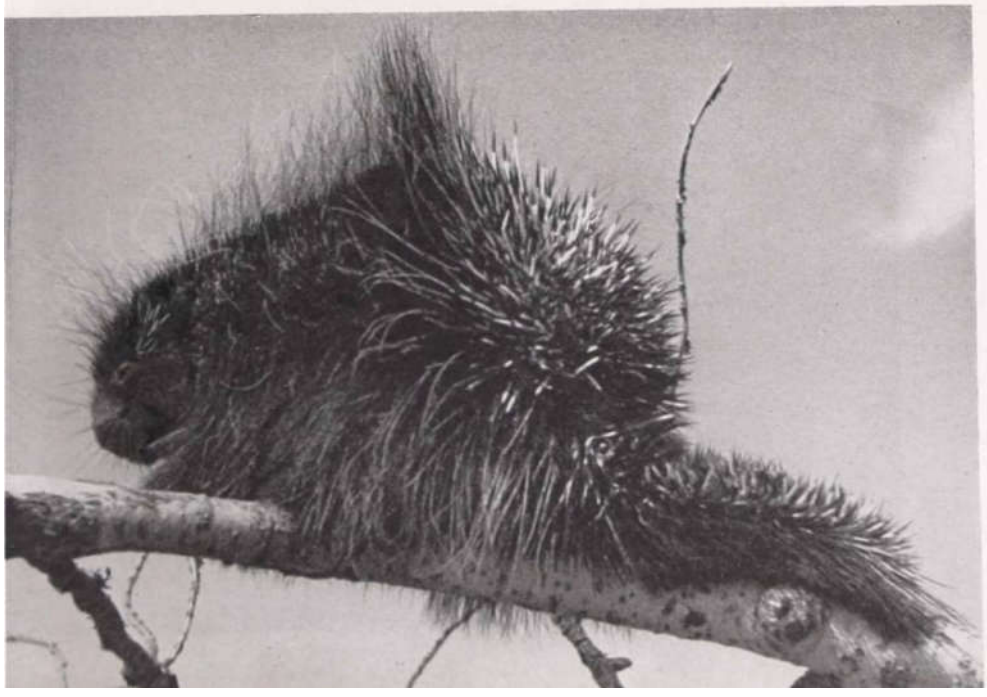
Red-eyed vireo brings food to its young hidden in the hanging nest.

CLOSE TO NATURE

Mr. Rue, a professional wildlife photographer who often travels in eastern Canada, lives at Camp Pahaquarra, Columbia, N.J. Other photographs of his appeared in the Beaver last year

Curious raccoon

Weasel in the oak leaves



Porcupine on a poplar

Opposite: **Buck in the autumn**

Belligerent bull

Shaggy magnificence

Ron Chambers with his painted sea-chest lashed to the sled.

NEWFOUNDLAND SLED RIDE

A winter journey along the "forefinger" of the island

STORY AND PHOTOS BY AMBROSE SHEA

IF a man had told me a few years ago that I would fall down a hill into St. Anthony at this time of year sitting on a box behind a team of malodorous mongrels, I would have called him crazy. The only conclusion I can come to is as obvious as it is disturbing. However, a liaison officer in the army must occasionally justify his existence by "liaising," and it has certainly been interesting.

I left St. John's on 3 Feb. by train and arrived here yesterday by dog-team after travelling "down" (that is, north), along the west coast from Norris Point and crossing the peninsula to Hare Bay at the Straits of Belle Isle. The train only took me to Deer Lake and from there on it was snowmobile and dog-team for two hundred miles. At Norris Point I stayed with my friends Dr. and Mrs. Noel Murphy while I made arrangements for a snowmobile to take me north, and it was there that I met the first ox-carts, or rather "ox-sleds," that I have ever seen in Newfoundland. Dr. Murphy told me that they were once quite common but that there are only a few of them left now. In summer they pull a cart with a solid, spokeless wheel built round a wooden block and held in place by a wooden lynch-pin. There are two kinds of harness, the "head-yoke" which fits behind the horns and is fastened to them, and the "bow-yoke" which fits across the shoulders.

Capt. Shea of the Royal Canadian Dragoons is a Ranger liaison officer. His "Rangers of Frobisher" appeared in the Winter 1956 Beaver.

I was also told that some of the "oxen" are really young bulls which are used until they become mature enough to be dangerous. If this is so, then the annual problem of whether to turn-in last year's model for a new one, or to try and get by for another season with the old bull, must have an urgency and a gravity quite beyond the experience of a mere motorist.

The Murphys have a huge St. Bernard dog called "Molly," and I was amused to hear from Mrs. Murphy that this massive and awesome creature, which is as big as a small horse, was so terrified when it unexpectedly encountered its first cow that it suffered from shock and had to be assisted home!

It is the pleasant custom in Norris Point to address a woman as "Maid." For example, "Good morning, maid." Women of all ages, both married and single, seem to be so called, so I gather that the title is often an honorary one.

The snowmobile journey from Norris Point to Port Saunders was like travelling in a tank across open country. Worse, because the drivers go flat out whenever possible and often when it doesn't seem to be.

The trail follows the coastline in places and sometimes runs so close to the cliff edge that it would not be at all difficult to slide over. Or so it appeared to me. Two or three times, when crossing lakes, we got bogged down in surface "slob" and most of the passengers had to walk through slush which reached to their knees; but everybody was very cheerful about it and all hands got out and shoved whenever necessary.

One old fellow had very sensibly brought along snow-shoes—"racquets" he called them—which seem to be part of the normal equipment in these parts and which are locally made from birch-wood and seal-skin thongs. A rather more elegant and better tanned variety of the Eskimo *kamik* [boot] is also much in use.

Strictly speaking, there are no hotels or inns on this stretch of "the Coast," but there are people who take boarders, and the snowmobile drivers know of private houses where the housewife will provide a meal or a night's lodging for travellers.

From Port Saunders I walked to Hawke Bay and when I got back found that Mr. Ron Chambers of Blue Cove, who has an excellent dog-team, had stopped in on his way to Barr'd Harbour and had said that he would pick me up and take me north if I wished; I did wish, and we left next morning which was the 18th.

Snowmobile on the bush road between Norris Point and Port Saunders.

Ron Chambers has eight dogs which resemble a modified and more amiable type of husky. They have no name but are called "Newfoundland" dogs, I suppose to distinguish them from the "Labrador" dogs, that is, the huskies. They bear no resemblance at all to the noble-looking but useless animal called the "Newfoundland Dog." These are strictly sled-dogs and they look like huskies, but their ears are of the floppy variety and their tails do not curl so much. They vary greatly in size and colour but seem to me to be a definite breed of their own, related to the husky but as yet unclassified.

The sled is of the *komatik* type and is, in fact, so called. It is lashed, not nailed, together and I presume this is for flexibility. It is shorter than the Eskimo *komatiks* that I have seen and has a sea-chest lashed to it for carrying stores and for the passenger to sit on. These chests are usually painted and decorated. The dogs are harnessed in the typical fashion of the Eastern Arctic, that is, each dog on a separate trace with the lead dog about thirty feet from the *komatik*. They can also be driven on a "snooge" which is a single long trace with the dogs harnessed to short ones leading off from it at intervals.* Chambers says he prefers the "fan-hitch" because he can more easily see which dogs are pulling their weight and which are not. Chambers looks after his team well and is just but not friendly with them.

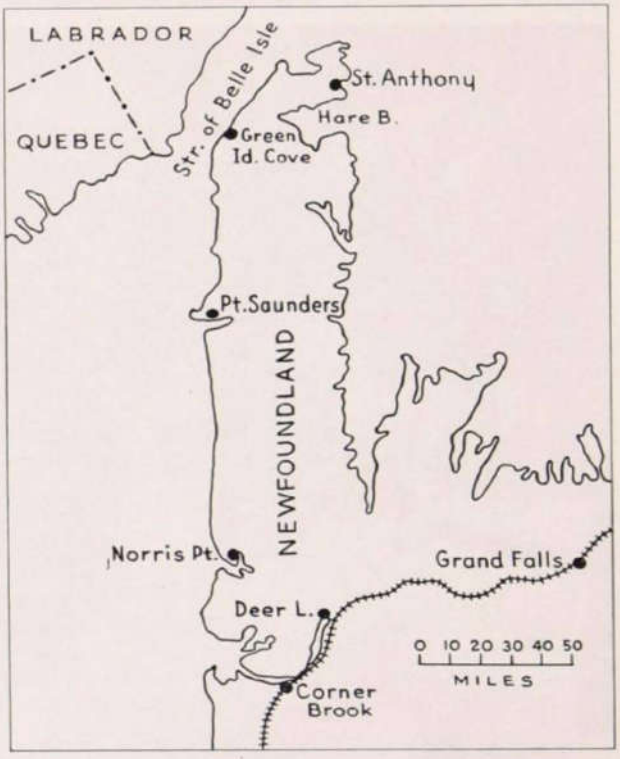
A dog that persistently refuses to pull for no good reason is punished severely. On the other hand a dog which shows special willingness receives preferential treatment and a sick or injured dog is not driven and may even be given a lift on the *komatik*. This happened towards the end of today's run when one of the older dogs, whose paws were cut by the crusted snow, could go no further.

We left the land and went out on the sea-ice of St. John Bay at Eddie's Cove West. As we were about to leave the land for the harbour we passed close by a house near the waters edge with an elderly man standing outside smoking his pipe and watching us. Just as if they had been given a word of command the whole team wheeled left and made a bee-line for the kitchen rubbish-heap in a tangle of traces. No one showed much excitement. Chambers laid into them with his whip and the old man picked up two or three by the harness and hurled them back to the path of duty without even removing his pipe from his mouth or changing his expression. Order was restored in about two minutes and the old fellow wanted to know if I would come in and have a "warm-up" but we hadn't the time.

I was much interested watching Ron Chambers drive his dogs. He talks or whistles to them almost constantly and at first the words he used sounded completely foreign to me. In fact, I thought that they might have been handed down from the Eskimos along with the *komatik*, *kamiks* and dogs, but now I am not so sure. He kneels on one knee on a padded brin bag at the "prow" of the *komatik* and uses his free leg for steering. When the sled is going down hill he gets in front and throws his weight back against the rope which joins the peaks of the double prow and if the hill is very steep he lets go the "drogue," which is a heavy piece of rope looped around the left runner. This slides underneath the runner and brakes the *komatik*. On level ground it will stop it.

He does not use the whip for driving but only for punishment or restoring order. It is a short-handled affair of plaited leather, not nearly as long as the Eskimo whip, not more than six feet. While he is doing all this he is "talking" to the dogs all the time; "H-r-r-r-r, Oho! Oho!, Fa-fa-fa-fa, Keebaw! Keebaw!, Hud-hud-hud-huddy!" and encouraging the lead dog by name. When he is not talking to them he keeps up a whistle from between his teeth.

He does not know the origin of most of these words but tells me that "keebaw" stands for "keep off" and means "keep to the right" (keep to the "off" or right side, as with a horse?) and that "huddy" means "keep left." "Fa!" which seems to be the driving word, may have had its origin in the French word "*Va!*" (go!).



*Also called, in the Western Arctic, the Nome hitch.

Ox sled at Norris Point. In the summer these animals pull carts with solid wooden wheels.

We reached Green Island Cove in the Straits of Belle Isle on the 20th. This is a small place, with a population of about 70 or 80 people, and they are nearly all Mitchelmores or McCleans. I was fortunate enough to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mitchelmore, a most kindly couple who were very good to me. They have a fine house and like nearly everyone on "the Coast" are extremely hospitable. Real Newfoundlanders, God bless 'em! The McCleans have only been in Green Island Cove for about three generations and are obviously regarded as newcomers, if not positive curiosities! They are referred to as "The Scotchmen" and are even introduced, half humourously, as Tom "Scotchman," John "Scotchman," etc.

The youngsters have a curious hair-cut with most of the hair clipped close to the head but a large tuft left in front. Sometimes, I believe, an over-fond mother has curled it which makes the poor child look like a poodle.

The Straits area is an interesting part of the country because it is still so isolated that the people are thrown on their resources much as they must have been during the early days of settlement. They build nearly everything for themselves and even tan their own leather from sealskin. The dialect is South-of-England with Newfoundland improvements. A fir tree is "a vur" and a file is "a voile." When I asked a man what he was about to do with a saw he was carrying he said he was going to "zharpen zhe with a voile."

French place-names on the Labrador side of the Straits are anglicized and L'anse au Diable becomes "Lance O'Jobble." "Vur" is a new pronunciation to me, although "var" is quite widely used, and an old fir-tree, with resin clotted on the bark, is often called a "snotty-var."

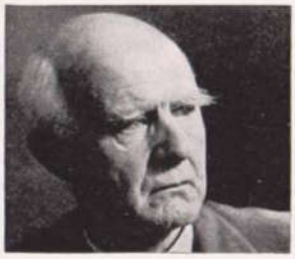
Mr. Lot Mitchelmore took me from Green Island Cove to St. Anthony. The last day's journey was very hilly and on two or three occasions the *komatik* over-ran the dogs. We finished with a really spectacular descent into St. Anthony down an almost perpendicular hill, during which one of the unfortunate animals passed under the whole length of the komatik and was dragged for about twenty-yards, yelling blue murder, before the trace broke and saved its life.

I shall return by plane. . . . ◆

Cape Wolstenholme

An artist in Hudson Bay

by Norman Wilkinson . . . with reproductions from his oil paintings



THE name "Hudson Bay" conjures up a mental picture of ice, snow, remote "posts," and vast uninhabited spaces, and the reality is in complete agreement with that picture. The M.V. *Rupertsland*, the Hudson's Bay Company's supply vessel in which I travelled last autumn was making her final trip of the season to provision the posts at Port Harrison, Sugluk, Lake Harbour, Frobisher Bay and Pangnirtung. These posts with many others in the Arctic were almost entirely dependent on our stores. The *Rupertsland* is a comfortable little ship of some 600 tons and, as I was able to reflect later with some satisfaction, "Clyde built." Her interior heating was somewhat extreme to one used to the Spartan conditions of an English house in winter. The weather in this northern area this last fall was generally conceded to have been the worst in living memory, and we certainly got the full measure of it.

Leaving Churchill on September 30 we at once ran into dirty weather, and head winds seemed to haunt us for the next four weeks. It was not until our final run of some 1100 miles from Pangnirtung down the coasts of Baffin Island and Labrador to Montreal that we had a following wind and sea.

My main object on this voyage was to paint everything of interest that came my way, and here I may say that I believe I was the first professional artist to make pictures in an attempt to portray the settlements, mountains, and seas, of this

Norman Wilkinson, C.B.E., P.R.I., noted British marine artist, travelled to Eastern Arctic posts in the "Rupertsland" last year. The paintings resulting from the trip are being exhibited in H B C stores.

remote area. On my first morning at sea it was somewhat depressing to look out of my scuttle and to see thick fog. Fortunately it cleared as we approached our first port of call, Port Harrison.

This little group of buildings lies in a land locked harbour some 500 miles due east from Churchill. It is characteristic of most of the Hudson Bay settlements, a cluster of neat little white houses with red and green roofs, comprising the Company's store, a school, R.C.M. Police post, etc. Beyond this were low glacier-rounded, and rather placid looking hills in sharp contrast to the wilder scenery we were to see later in the Frobisher and Cumberland Sounds.

Before going further it may be of interest if I try to explain how I was able to work in the somewhat extreme weather conditions of this northern climate. My first concern was to plan how to set about the job. I knew that we should in all probability only be in most of the posts for a matter of a few hours of daylight, providing the weather allowed us to land our stores at once. Landing the stores had to be done in small boats, and as a rule during the few hours of high tide, and to do this calm water was essential. If therefore I went ashore and wandered about looking for suitable subjects and failed to find them, the whole of my time in a particular port would be wasted. Moreover the conditions made outdoor sketching almost impossible. I therefore decided my only course was to stick to the ship. I knew in this way I was certain to find subjects to paint. As a result of this policy I was never ashore throughout the voyage. The result fully justified my hopes and I was able to obtain all I wanted in the way of sketches for pictures. These I hope will be considered an interesting record of this little known region, when shown, as they are to be, throughout Canada.

My great standby was the ship's wheelhouse. This had large windows on three sides with an all round view. It was warm and provided me with an excellent studio where I could work in all weathers. For many years now I have done all my outdoor work in the shape of small water-colours, the actual size being 7″ x 5″. My reasons for this are: firstly, that by working to this size an interesting effect of sky or sea can be captured at once. The area of the paper being small one can put down what is seen very rapidly. The sky, particularly if there is a high wind, changes its formation even as you watch it. The result of attempting such a sky on a large water colour means that by the time you have settled down to work the whole effect is gone.

My second reason is a purely personal one: I have never been able to work out of doors when watched by strangers. With the water colour box I use, carrying as it does three paper panels in the lid, I can work standing up, and I have found that if you sit down to sketch you become a subject of intense interest to all and sundry, while if you stand up you are left alone. If a particularly inquisitive stranger should still try to watch you work, you merely close your box and gaze into space!

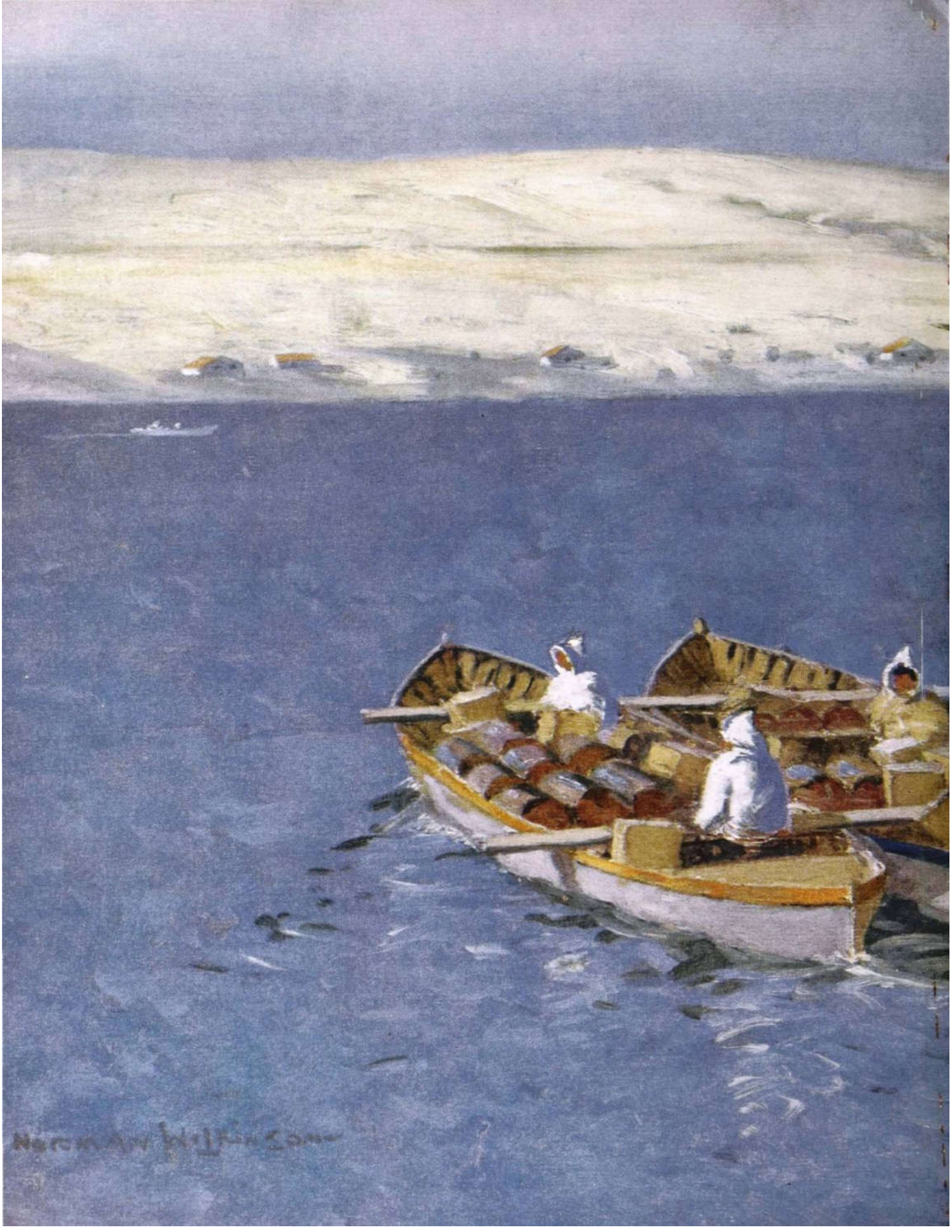
In addition to my water colours I took some twenty pieces of canvas cut to the size of what were to be my final pictures. Whenever I obtained a subject of sufficient interest to merit carrying out as a finished picture I retired to my cabin, and seated on my sketching stool with the canvas propped on the settee, drew in the subject and painted it in monochrome (the light in the cabin being insufficient to use colour). In this way on my return to my studio in London I had some twenty-two potential pictures ready to complete in colour, from the colour notes I had made at the time.

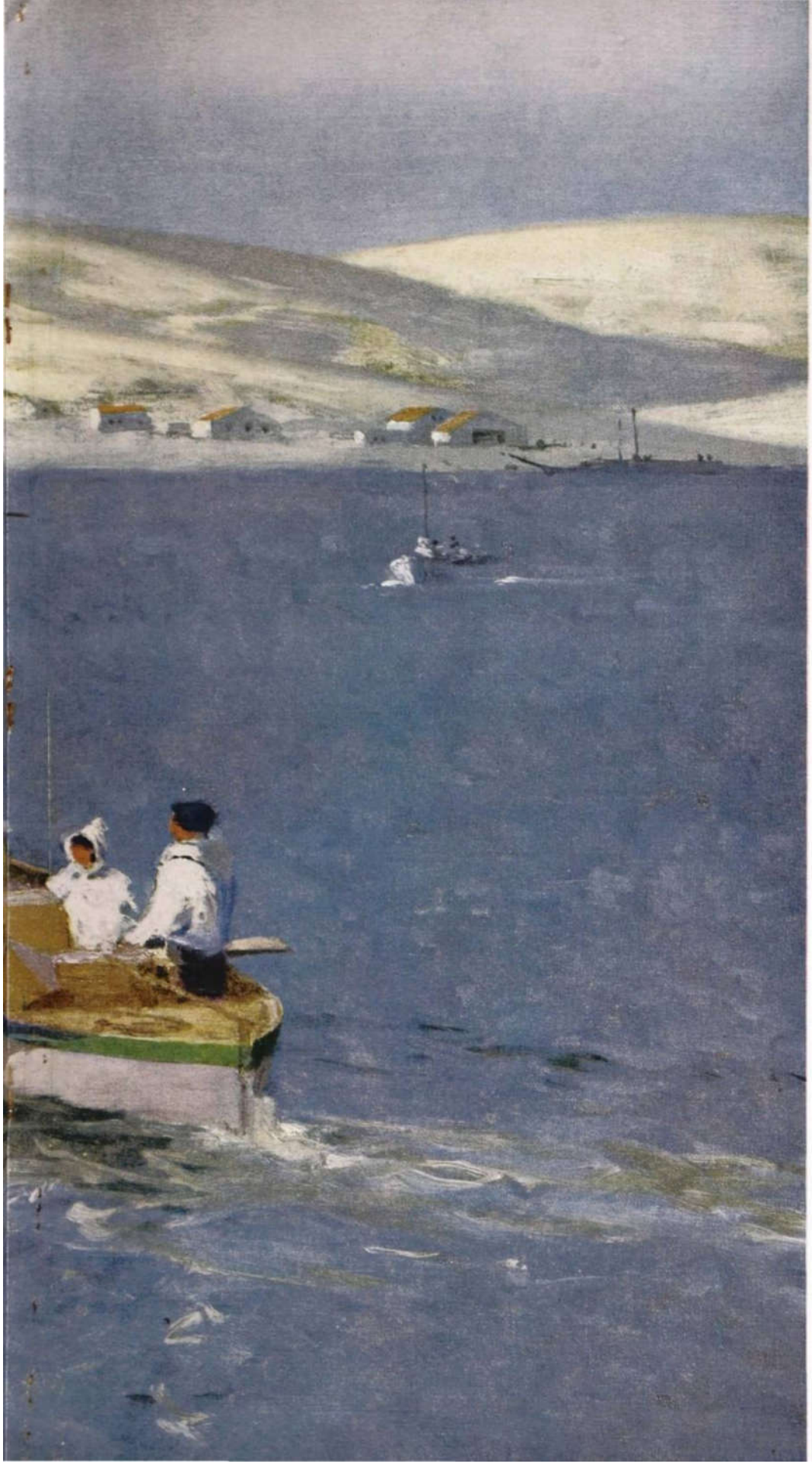
The painting of these monochrome pictures afforded a most welcome occupation at times when, owing to stress of weather, it would have meant days of boredom.

Our course on leaving Port Harrison was due north. After a run of about 300 miles we bore away to the north-east passing between Digges Island and the mainland at the entrance to Hudson Strait. It was here that I saw the most dramatic scenery of the whole trip. The coast at this time was shrouded in fog, and since there was nothing to sketch I had retired to my cabin to look over the colour notes I had made, when happening to look out of the scuttle I saw the fog rapidly dispersing and slowly revealing the great massif of Cape Wolstenholme. This cape, standing sentinel over the western entrance to Hudson Strait rises vertically some 1100 feet sheer out of the sea, a great mass of black rock veined with early snow, making a cruel and forbidding picture.

In making the twenty-two pictures, I had to look for subjects which gave me both variety of colour and subject in order to maintain the interest of the series. A blue day, and they were rare, was most welcome as it enabled one to escape from a collection of a monotonous grey. Lake Harbour is one of the chief posts at which carving is done by the Eskimos, largely in ivory here. It is remarkable that these people should have developed this talent without as far as I know any outside influence. I was given a masterpiece carved in soapstone of an Eskimo killing a seal, the work of Inukpuk of Povungnetuk. By any standards it is a very fine piece of sculpture.

On leaving Lake Harbour we were taken down the inlet by the same pilot, and soon after reaching the open sound we passed our first icebergs. These were a most impressive sight, incredibly white in the sunlight with a lovely greenish tinge near the water. The coast was now becoming more mountainous and all day we were passing a fine range





Twin whaleboats, Port Harrison.
From the oil painting by Norman Wilkinson, P.R.I.

Port Harrison

of snow - covered mountains on the port hand, while beyond was the great expanse of the Terra Nova glacier. Up till now our programme had gone well with little delay, but at Frobisher Bay the weather took a turn for the worse, and after landing a small quantity of stores the wind got up and by night it was blowing a full gale with gusts of 90 miles an hour.

Our two motor barges were got inboard, and with two anchors down we settled down to an uneasy night with every hope that the wind might drop by the morning. But our hopes were dashed. At daybreak it was blowing as hard as ever, and for seven days the gale continued almost without a break. We had one hundred tons of cargo to be landed. This could only be done at high tide, and that on a boulder-strewn beach. Our two barges only took $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons each trip so that matters were looking pretty grim. However a gleam of hope arrived in the shape of a 30-ton barge which the chief officer managed to scrounge.

Pangnirtung

This meant that we could do the job in three trips providing the weather would let us. During a short lull the barge was towed down and tied up astern. She was in a somewhat leaky condition, but she was pumped dry and made fast for use at the first opportunity. It was two more days before we could attempt to use her. She was then brought alongside, but in her leaky condition she was now fuller of water than before. Again we put a man aboard to remove the manhole and pump her out. The moment this was done there was a great rush of air and she turned on her side and sank alongside us. This seemed an end of our hopes of a quick discharge of cargo. Shortly afterwards a signal came from shore, "Could we have our barge back." The chief officer had to sort that one out.

On the seventh night the gale blew itself out, and that night a gift from heaven in the shape of an old landing craft was seen idly drifting down the harbour, she was unmanned and no one seemed to know how she got there. She was quickly secured and brought alongside. With this addition our cargo was sent ashore in quick time.

In Cumberland Sound we encountered the worst gale of the voyage. Gales in this area arise with great rapidity, and within half an hour of steaming in relatively smooth water we were driving into a very steep sea with gusts of 95 miles per hour. The odd part of this blow was that we had brilliant sunshine. During the night the ship was pounding heavily, hitting the combers with tremendous force and shaking the whole fabric. The sea was right ahead, and consequently our speed was almost nil. One felt at times that she could hardly stand this continuous pounding without damage, and it was now that I reassured myself with the knowledge that she was "Clyde built."

The temperature was now freezing, and with the seas continually breaking over the foc'stle it froze as it fell, with the result that she was becoming heavy forward. The heavier a ship becomes forward the less her ability to rise to the oncoming seas. In our case it came to the point where she had to be turned down wind to enable the crew to get onto the foc'stle head and break up the ice with axes. These arctic gales fall with the same rapidity with which they rise and so quite suddenly on the afternoon of the second day the sea had moderated to a comparative calm. It was now bitterly cold and we had ice everywhere. Both anchors were frozen solid in the hawse pipes. To make matters worse, at the first attempt to free the starboard anchor with the winch, the cast iron plate of the anchor bed cracked leaving us one anchor in a place where two were essential in the event of a blow. With the eight days delay at Frobisher we were now running short of water, and had been rationed to two hours a day for some time. Baths were out of the question. However, one becomes primitive very quickly, and provided no one else of the company has one it really doesn't matter; you don't "notice" each other.

Pangnirtung, where we now lay is quite the most picturesque of all the posts I visited. Lying up a narrow inlet with high snow-covered mountains on either hand, it has a truly arctic look. On our first morning we had thick fog and little or nothing could be seen. I was now inured to anything that might happen in these uncertain latitudes. Soon we were in brilliant sunshine and I was able to secure some of the best sketches of the trip.

Fate was kind to us at "Pang" where calm sea and blue sky stayed with us all the time. Hearing that winds of 100 miles per hour could come down the inlet and that last winter a point came when the inhabitants of the post feared at one time that their houses would not stand the violence of a particular gale, one felt very thankful, having only one anchor. The temperature was now well below freezing and despite the continuous heat inside the ship the pipes to my cabin basin were frozen one morning. Here we got our cargo ashore without delay, to the great relief of Captain Lloyd who had had I know an exceptionally trying time, with many hours on the bridge day and night.

The night we left, pan ice was already forming in the inlet, and with very little delay we might well have been frozen in. Our cargo outwards from Pangnirtung was 90 tons of white whale oil and 16 tons of whale hides. If you have a highly developed sense of smell I don't recommend the latter as a cargo to travel with.

We left "Pang" on the morning of October 24, the general feeling being that it was a bit late to be in these latitudes. All was well. However, no sooner were we in the Cumberland Sound again than a fresh gale got up, this time thank heaven behind us. I wrote in my diary: "We are doing a good ten to eleven knots with a 50-mile-an-hour gale behind us. Now on our course to Belle Isle, grey sea and very wild looking sky. The ship wonderfully steady. 12.45 p.m. we are passing a very large iceberg some 140 feet high."

The passage up the St. Lawrence was delightful. The knowledge that you couldn't meet with anything very disturbing in the shape of gales or heavy sea was a comfort. Our run from "Pang" to Montreal took nine days and that with a fair wind. On a previous trip she had taken 24 days. Our total mileage from Churchill to Montreal was 3450 miles, which gives some impression of the vastness of this relatively uninhabited area.

To me the voyage was a unique experience given to few to attain, and when my acquaintances greet me with the old cliché, "Did you have a good time?" My reply is: "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds." ◆

Old Days at Fort George . . .

JUST over half a century ago the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway survey parties were slashing their way through the Cariboo District in the wilderness of central British Columbia between the Yellowhead Pass and the mouth of the Skeena River. The transitman's familiar cry to his rodman "Line for a hub!" marked the zig-zag course of the preliminary surveys.

The Cariboo compares, roughly, with the North West Company's original "New Caledonia" District. This was the area, so named by Simon Fraser, who found, in the beautiful Stuart Lake country at Fort St. James, such scenery as his Scottish parents, nostalgically, had described to him. The Cariboo held a widely scattered group of forts, flying the Hudson's Bay Company banner, after the North West Company had lost its identity in the amalgamation of 1821.

This district was always important in Hudson's Bay Company history west of the Rockies. In the Cariboo the Company establishments included, from north to south, Fort Grahame, Babine and Fort McLeod; Fort St. James, "Capital" of New Caledonia; Fort Fraser, Fort George, and, at the south, Fort Alexander.

The famed Cariboo Road had been built by the colony in 1862-5. The then phenomenal cost of $1,000,000 was

Typical gathering of land locators at South Fort George, pioneer Fraser River town, in 1910. The Traders Bank and the townsite company office formed the centre of the embryo settlement. (Letters will be welcomed from readers who can identify any of the people in the picture.) J. Simonson

by John B. Daniell

geared to the requirements set up by the gold rush. Originally the road, ending at Barkerville, was 400 miles long. The C.P.R., completed in 1885, slashed the distance by about 120 miles, paralleling the route between Lytton and Hope.

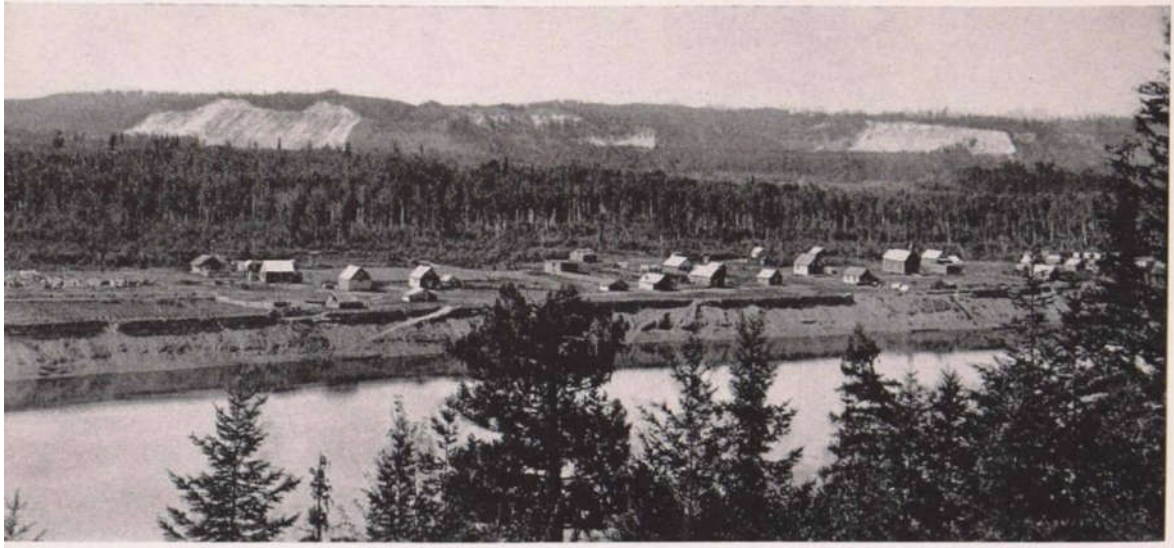
In the gold rush days of the early sixties, Cariboo Goldfields, with emphasis on Barkerville's Williams Creek, produced between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 in gold. When the boom passed it left the towns of Barkerville and Quesnel in its wake.

There were some fitful false starts towards the prosperity that the country could so thoroughly support, provided it were granted railroad facilities. There was the ill-fated Collins Overland Telegraph (*Beaver*, March 1942), aiming at a long overland wire to Europe via B.C., the Yukon, Russian America (Alaska), Siberia and on to Moscow. The Atlantic Cable killed it off. And before the Fraser Canyon route for the C.P.R. had been adopted, through the Cascade Mountains, no less than seven alternative routes had been surveyed through B.C., one of them passing through Fort George.

The real awakening, particularly for the rugged country north of Quesnel, came with the assured location of the Grand Trunk Pacific along the northern route, in

Mr. Daniell worked at the H B C saleshop in Quesnel, B.C., and then at the Fort George post. In 1908 he started the "Cariboo Observer" at Quesnel, and later founded the "Fort George Herald." He now lives in California.

The Indian village at Fort George in July 1891. The Hudson's Bay post is out of the picture on the left. James McDougall



1906. I joined the preliminary surveys for this road at Victoria that spring, hiking up 225 miles of the Cariboo Road with pack trains from Ashcroft to Quesnel, and on beyond, about 200 miles to Fort Fraser, over the lonely telegraph trail. In the winter of 1906 I was sent from Quesnel to join a G.T.P. party, under Engineer George O. Leask, on the Willow River, 25 miles up the Fraser from the then remote H. B. post of Fort George. Mushing for 100 miles over the virtually uninhabited and deeply snowed trail, with John H. Day, another reinforcement for the Willow River party, we eventually reached Fort George. Temperatures were in the 20s—below zero. Dog teams, in for supplies, made the last lap of the trip easier.

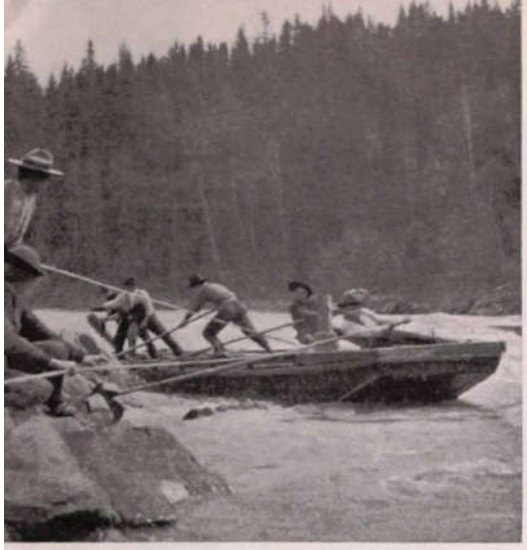
At Fort George I encountered, for the first time, the picturesque and romantic atmosphere of a fur trade post. This post was then in charge of "French Joe" Reid, who had been sent in by the Company after Ed Kepner, his predecessor, was chased downstream by malcontent Indians. Kepner did a pier-head jump for a Company canoe, and barely beat the pursuit to safety at Quesnel. Joe Reid was a rugged character, competent as a two-gun man at a pinch, and he calmed things down considerably.

Back in Quesnel in the early spring of 1907, I was hired by W. L. Collins, in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company Saleshop there, to work for the "Great Traders of the Great West," the Hudson's Bay Company. The "Saleshop" classification marked a modest type of urban transition, from fur trade to general store operation.

Quesnel stood at the mouth of the river named by Simon Fraser for Jules Maurice Quesnel, a lieutenant and companion on Fraser's historic discovery voyage of 1808 down the great river that bears his name. The original post was located near the site of the roomy old log house, which had served as a later post, but at the time of my service there had become the staff's living quarters. A more modern store had been constructed towards the river, facing on Front Street. As there was a considerable mercantile opposition there, the Company carried a very large and varied stock. This included all of the merchandise required to outfit trappers, prospectors and miners, and the traditional Indian trade. Also, as Quesnel was taking on increased importance as a supply point for the whole territory, which included important cattle and ranching activities, there was a line of household goods, agricultural supply items and leather goods.

Then again, people began at this time to "dress up," and the shop carried natty men's haberdashery and even a grudging line of women's wear, which lacked feminine inspiration, due to the all-male staff. In the big warehouses, ranging back from the house on the side street, was a standard line of hard liquors, featured by the famed Hudson's Bay Rum, in big barrels.

These warehouses also were used as transfer point storage for the big outfits, intended for some of the posts which relied upon Quesnel for this service. The main store was a lofty chamber with an office in one corner. The Company then acted as the only financial agency



Tough going with the H B C scow in the Grand Canyon, 100 miles up the Fraser from Fort George, in 1908. Supplies were being taken up river to the G.T.P. survey parties.

Freight wagons near Hat Creek on the Cariboo Road.

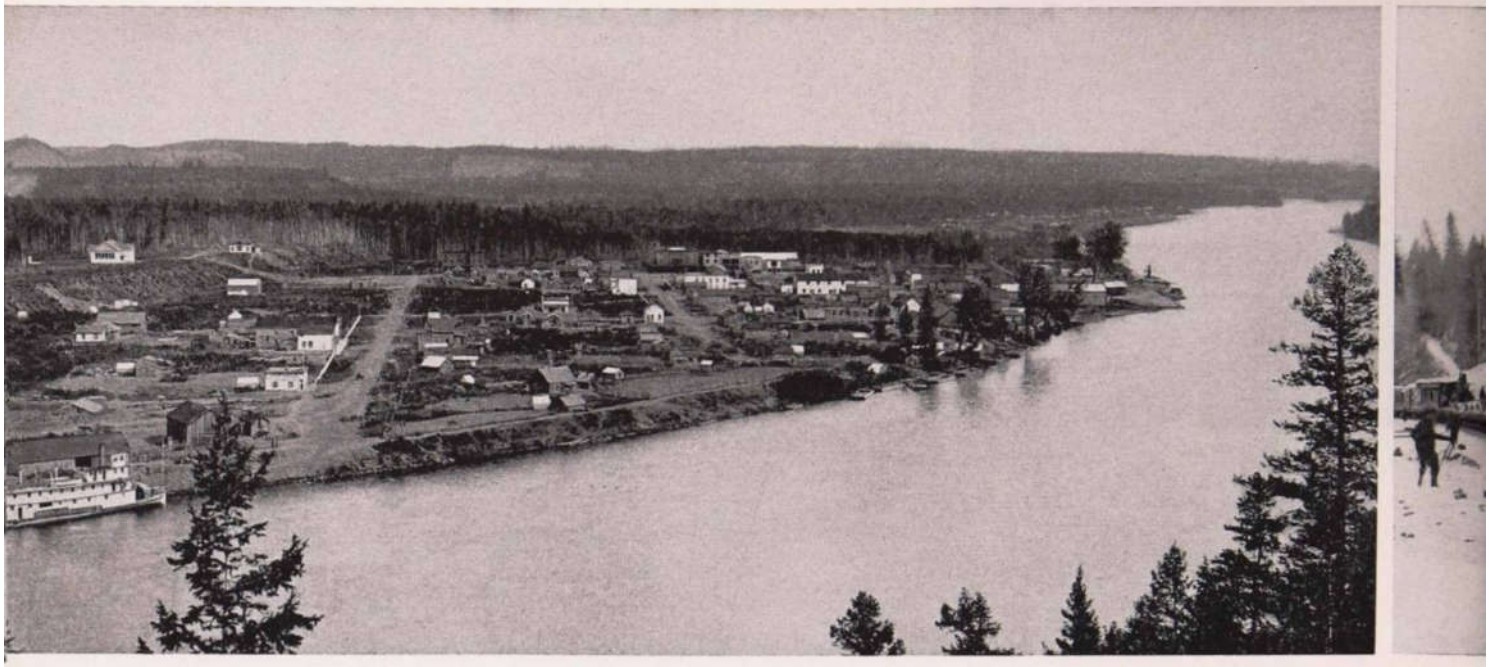
serving the territory, by use of the impressive looking Hudson's Bay Company letters of credit.

To Quesnel came the veteran factors of the Company, making ceremonial business visits, which lapsed considerably in protocol when cheer was promptly dispensed, and the Company men "let their hair down." Among these officers was A. C. Murray, from the traditional command post of Fort St. James. McLeod's Lake contributed redoubtable Tommy Hammett. His post represents, to this day, the oldest white settlement in British Columbia, having been established in 1805 by Simon Fraser. Aging Tommy jubilantly discarded a score of years, for the record, when World War I came along, and he yearned, successfully withal, to join the pioneers then gathering to enter the armed forces as volunteers.

Quesnel constantly welcomed a parade of characters reminiscent of the western movie. They were bound for the mines at Barkerville, where a ceaseless and undismayed quest was pursued for the gold hoard that had dwindled away. There were the stage drivers and mule skinners from the Cariboo Road. Men from the Yukon Telegraph Line, in town to let off steam. Trappers, and ranchers and the Company men, with the business entrepreneurs, strung along the great road. There were a few gamblers and bartenders too, and a scattering of cowboys from the Chilcotin ranges. Added to this traditional company were the Johnny-come-lately go-getter rivermen and woodsmen and engineers, busy rolling back the frontier by means of the up-and-coming Grand Trunk Pacific Railway surveys.

Among the noted characters who passed through Quesnel each spring was John Caux, familiarly known as "Cataline." Coincident with the Klondike gold rush the Dominion Government strung wires along the line of the Collins Telegraph between Quesnel and Dawson in the Yukon. Cataline supplied the interminable reaches of the line's relay stations through the northern wilderness in B.C. by means of his great pack train of mules. Cataline wore his hair long, in the fashion of the old western frontier. He spoke a *mêlange* of languages. It was one of the social amenities to buy him a drink at Ed Kepner's Occidental Hotel bar, and watch him pour the last few drops of rum on his head and rub it in. (Possibly a confusion existed in his mind between bay rum and Hudson's Bay rum.) It was astonishing the number of these demonstrations he was agreeable to make, during his fleeting visit to Quesnel.

The Fraser River ice, in those latitudes, does not break up until May, and this signalled a flurry of transportation activity at the Quesnel establishment. All freight on the 225-mile Cariboo Road between Ashcroft and Quesnel was hauled in by the old covered-wagon type of freight rig. Runners replaced wheels for winter freighting. For passengers there was the "world's longest" B.C. Express Company stage line. This line was owned by Charles Vance Millar, whimsical millionaire lawyer, of Toronto. Millar's amazing "Stork Derby" will, leaving $750,000 to the Toronto mother of the largest family born in the ten years following his death, in 1926, created something of a social furore.



South Fort George in 1913, with river boats and sawmill. In the distance is the Hudson's Bay post, the Government offices, and beyond, the Indian rancherie, which became the Prince George townsite.
J. Simonson

The Fort George post, most closely geared to Quesnel in supply matters, received its outfit by the traditional Hudson's Bay Company method of tracking scows up river, with crews of Indians harnessed to the line. This was called "The Brigade." When this operation came up, in my time, Bill Collins placed me in charge. The Reid Estate, Quesnel merchants, launched the lone sternwheeler *Charlotte* each spring. This boat operated between Soda Creek, 55 miles down river, and Quesnel, shortening the road haul during the season of navigation. River distance to Fort George was 95 miles, but 20 miles north of the town lay the forbidding Cottonwood Canyon. Here the river piles through between high, vertical rock walls. In the river itself rocks obstructed passage of the steamboat through the canyon. In the construction era of the G.T.P. the Dominion Government cleared the canyons and a whole fleet of sternwheelers plied the river as far east as Tête Jaune Cache, near the Yellowhead.

Our scow, based at Fort George and always manned from there by an all-Indian crew, was 40 feet long with an eight-foot beam. In the bow a rough wooden capstan provided a means of winding through the worst of the white water in the canyons. At the stern a sweep, as long as the scow itself, was chief navigational aid. Working from daylight to dusk, the trip, with a crew of fifteen Indians, required about fifteen days, depending on the stage of the water. When high, the river afforded more difficult footing for the trackers, following the banks, and working through the canyons became still more strenuous and dangerous.

Fifteen miles south of Fort George lies the treacherous Fort George Canyon, broken into several passages by fang-like rock islands. In this canyon one of Simon Fraser's canoes almost came to grief on his discovery voyage, a century before the G.T.P. surveys.

The run down river, after reaching Fort George, and going through the inevitable festivities that followed, was a gay affair. There was Siwash singing and jollity and the trip was made in one long summer's day, carried by the swift current of the river. In the canyons the Indians, devoutly praying for divine protection, put their backs into the oars, used only in this crisis.

The up-river trip was spaced by nightly camps ashore, where the Indians raised a tent for me, but slept in the open themselves, rolling up in their blankets around the camp fires. Meals provided the crew were mostly of bacon and beans, baking powder bread, stewed dried fruits, prepared en route on a stove carried aboard the scow. In the summer, when caribou, deer and moose were at the river's edge, getting away from the flies, it was no great trick to bag fresh meat. I often sent a good hunter ahead with the Company rifle to shoot "for the pot." The river was virtually uninhabited for the entire distance between Company establishments.

After the last scow trip was ended at Fort George, in the fall of 1907, I was instructed to remain there as

The arrival of the Grand Trunk Pacific steel at Prince George, January 27, 1914, signalled the end of old-type transportation.
J. Simonson

assistant trader to Jim Cowie, veteran of the Company, who had followed Joe Reid in charge. The Fort George establishment was the real thing, by fur trade standards. The post itself was a huge log building, with crude counters and a rough longitudinal partition down the centre. There was a loft, over the log rafters, which I finished with lumber brought up by lining the scow with it. The comfortable log residence was close by.

The Indian trade, at the post, clung precariously to its traditional line, in that winter of 1907. We still issued some fur trade tokens, when the red men brought in a bunch of pelts. But survey conditions had introduced a free trader, just south of Company lands, and this forced us to go "on the gold standard." Indians were constantly seeking "jawbone," or credit, and this raised a continuing economic problem for post operation. Of all pelts brought in—which included fox, marten, mink, musquash, weasel, a few fisher and lynx, and rarely, a wolverine or "skunk bear"—the beaver remained supreme.

The post carried all the standard goods required for fur trade and there were even some barrels of gunpowder and bullet moulds left over from muzzle-loading days. In addition to the food staples the post carried steel traps and snare lines; the highly odoriferous asafoetida gum, for bait scent; rifles, snowshoes, canvas, and ammunition. For frivolous moments there were loud cotton shirts, overalls, coloured silk handkerchiefs, plug and cut tobacco. North West Mounted type Stetson hats were a "must" for all well-dressed Indians, and, though expensive, we were never without them. Patent medicines, embroidery threads and coloured felts for moccasin embellishment were a stock item for our women's trade.

In later townsite days, when I was publishing my *Fort George Herald* at the pioneer town of South Fort George, I reported a new-found interest of Indian women in corsets, of which I was informed by a local merchant. Quipped Bill Lowry, in the Greenwood *Ledge*, a southern contemporary, "Where does Jack Daniell get this inside information?"

The widely spaced welcome of visitors at the Fort George post, previously restricted to the few lordly white trappers with their incredibly long and lonely trap-lines, began to multiply in the winter of 1907. Surveyors for the railroad and supply men came and went. Timber cruisers and land locators passed through, buying big jags of supplies. The huge old fur press, standing in loneliness beside the post, turned out fewer bales of pelts. The Indians were taking jobs in the woods, with the white newcomers, rather than following their trap lines. The big log house echoed good cheer, and laughter, as destiny started to catch up with prophetically located Fort George. The shadow of an amazing urban future began to fall across the prospect there. The flurry of wildcat townsite promotions came and went, and the Grand Trunk Pacific acquired, for official townsite purposes, the 1,366-acre Indian reserve, just north of the Company lands.

The beaver stews that used to delight Jim Cowie and myself; the moose and bear roasts, venison and caribou joints, gave way to butcher's beef. Progress was on the wing. After the hectic construction era, steel reached Prince George, as the town became known, on January 27, 1914.

Following World War I the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway came under the control of the Canadian National Railways system, and, under this aegis has come, finally, to real prosperity.

Today, with the Pacific Great Eastern Railway connected from Vancouver to Prince George, and faring on into the Peace River country; with great highway activity radiating about Prince George, the city located at the site of Fraser's most strategic fort has become one of Canada's fastest growing centres.

The old post there is a memory. The current census of Prince George, loudly denounced there as some 2,000 short of reality, gives the city 10,395 population. This, compared to the official 4,700 of five years ago, serves as a marker towards the 50,000 that the city boosters there confidently predict will be realised. ✦

by S. Prescott Fay
with Bradford Angier

THE

DURING the two years it took me to return I only knew that we had found a giant mountain, a new high peak I felt convinced would prove to be one of the highest in the Canadian Rockies. Now I was back with Charles R. Cross, Jr., a Boston friend and neighbour, together with Fred Brewster of Jasper and two other men, making five in all; a good practical number for a long, difficult trip. We camped 2nd August 1914 at the same site where, from the heights opposite, I'd first spied in 1912 the lofty new mountain that still drew me onward.

The following morning we continued on our way as usual, going over a high pass of about 7,500 feet that led north. The upland meadows, sparsely covered with the stunted balsam and spruces, were bright with flowers, the little mountain forget-me-not predominating. As we reached the top of the rocky pass, the view behind opened out to the south for many miles.

All the higher mountains at the head of Jack Pine River appeared one by one, and we thought we could distinguish Mt. Bess far away. On two sides the mountains rose nearly sheer for several thousand feet, shutting in the pass, while on our left was a rugged smooth-faced rock wall at whose base was an exquisite little lake. Its colour which changed with the light was, as we first approached, an emerald green; then, as we looked back, it had changed to a delicate turquoise blue. It looked like a gem in its wild setting of rugged mountains.

At the top of the pass we halted to watch a goat, as he laboriously worked his way along the other side. He showed an unusual amount of alarm, for goats as a rule do not exhibit such fear at the distance of half a mile which separated us. The snow through which he was ploughing was deep and the going heavy, so that he became winded and his tongue hung out of his wide open mouth like a dog's. After making frequent stops to get his wind, he finally reached the rock wall and in the next few minutes gave a remarkable exhibition of climbing.

The sheer walls gave him considerable difficulty, and once, as he reached far up with his front feet in order to pull himself to the ledge above, he slipped and fell over backwards. We instantly thought he would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, but in falling he turned in the air like a cat and dropped nimbly on all four feet on a narrow jutting rock below. It was an astonishing sight, and we could hardly believe our eyes. However, even those of us who were not watching him with glasses saw it as plainly as those with the binoculars.

As we crossed the divide between these two forks of the then Porcupine River, whose name at my suggestion was later changed to Kakwa River—now used on the maps—there arose before us over the grassy summit this same day the snow crest of our big mountain not over twenty miles away. Luck was with us, for at every possible viewpoint we had clear weather, so these unexpected glimpses were pleasant surprises. A few miles below we camped, and from our teepee the upper part of the peak and the ice cornice were just visible above the glacier on Thunder Mountain, later named for my friend who accompanied me, Mt. Cross. Through an error this was later changed to Mt. Wishaw.

Camp was moved again, to the lower of the three lakes at the head of the Kakwa River. Here we had been two years before. But at that time, because of the continued stormy weather, no one had realized that we had been within ten miles of the big peak. Not a person had in-

Mr. Fay spent three seasons in the Canadian Rockies in 1912-14, determining the ranges of big game between Lake Louise and the Peace River. Mr. Angier is a free-lance writer of Hudson's Hope, B.C.

The second half of Mr. Fay's story of climbing among unnamed mountains northwest of Robson.

GREAT MOUNTAIN

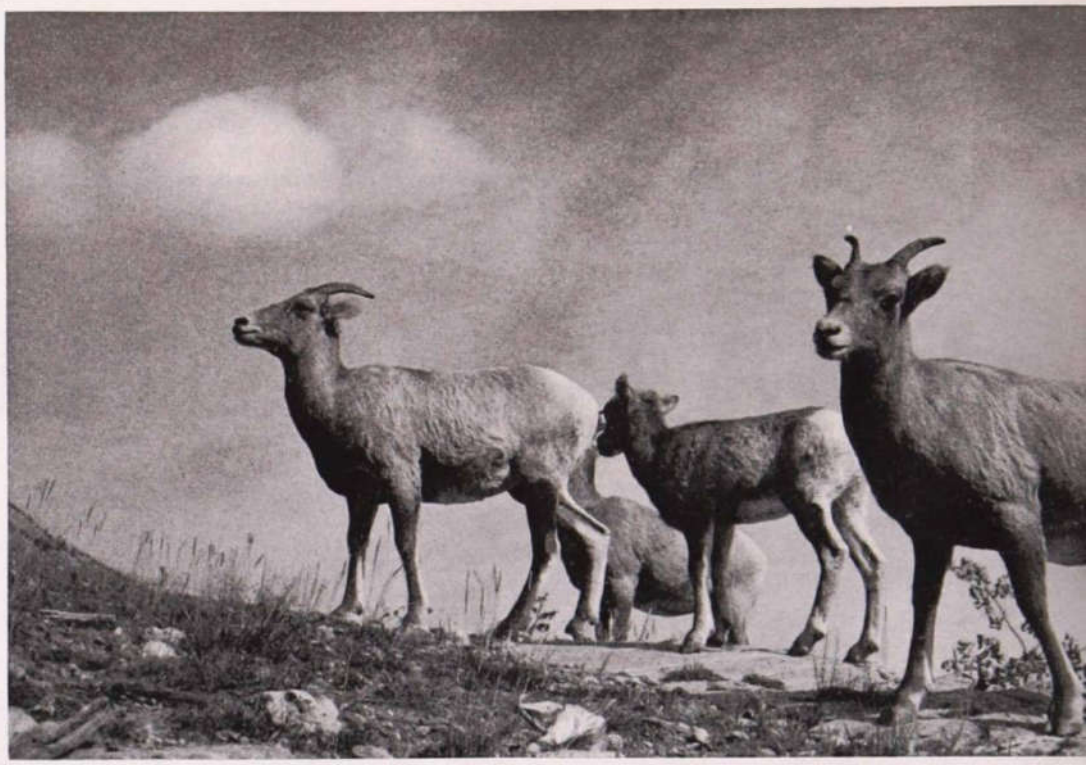
Sheer cliffs and encircling glaciers defend the peak of the great mountain, towering on the right of the picture.

truded during the interval, not even Indians, and everything was unchanged, even to the teepee poles that still rested against the spruce trees as we had left them.

This series of lakes is extremely beautiful and, being only a few miles from this group of high mountains, needed, I realized, only accessibility to make it a rival to the country around Mt. Robson and other such places. The upper lake of these three, small as it is, though not particularly well coloured, is still beautiful, for the composition it forms with the groups of spire-like spruce that line its shores, and the towering form of Mt. Cross beyond, makes the whole an impressive picture. We usually saw it when it was calm, with the reflection of Mt. Cross on its surface, and so called it Lake Wapumun which in Cree means "mirror." This name was later officially accepted.

The lower lake, which is fully three miles long, is of a pretty turquoise blue, though the colour cannot be appreciated unless one climbs the nearby mountains and views it from above. A range rising rather abruptly from this body of water gives it an appearance of wild grandeur.

Last, but by no means least, is Bear Lake which lies hidden in a big basin in the deep timber, surrounded on all sides but one by the mountains. This is one of the most perfect spots I have ever seen. Although it must be nearly a mile long, it so nestles down at the base of a mountain called the Fortress that it appears smaller than its actual size. It is of the most exquisite emerald green



Mountain ewes
Nicholas Morant

colour, and the contrasting formation of its shores adds greatly to its unique beauty. On one side the spruce grow to the water's edge, on another a big rock slide forms the shores, while at the farther end is a green meadow dotted with clumps of spruces, behind which the cliffs of the Fortress abruptly lift. We first saw this enchanting spot in 1912, discovering it by accident, and as far as we knew two years later no other white man had ever visited its shores. We were so delighted with it that I took especial pains to revisit it. Seen under a warm sun on a bright calm day, with its ever changing colours, the effect is perfection itself, and we always look back on it as the most beautiful spot during the whole summer's journey.

From this camp we climbed to a ridge and obtained our best view of the big mountain which was then not more than six miles away. Its base, we saw, is composed of sheer rocky cliffs, above which is a large glacier, encircling the final peak which rises what appeared to be 3,000 feet higher. There was one hanging glacier, reminding us of that on Mt. Victoria, as its ice in falling sounded like thunder on the rocks below.

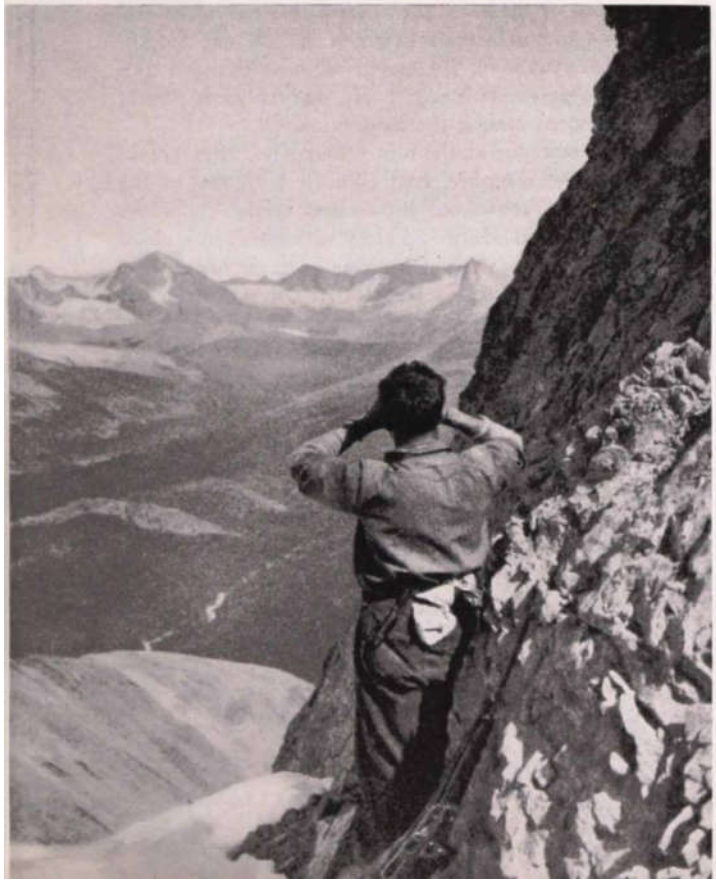
A curious feature of the mountain was an extraordinary glacier that seemed to be clinging to the steep face of the peak, though the lower part had fallen away and left it apparantly unsupported. In spite of the intense pressure there must have been from above, it was still clinging there. The peak itself presents from some points a pyramidal shape with very steep arêtes, but from this side its summit is a long and generally level ice cornice which looked broken and very steep on the sloping side. The highest point seemed to be at the northeastern end. No matter from where it is seen, it is an impressive mountain.

Late in the afternoon two days later we emerged from the timber to an open summit where we intended to camp, and as we turned about we saw the most impressive sight of all. There across a narrow valley towered a very steep-sided mountain whose northeastern arête was as sharp a knife edge as one could imagine. Our big mountain, as we later discovered, was directly behind it. Although this other mountain, which we later found to be Mt. Ida, was much lower than the big mountain, it was in its shape and isolation very dramatic. That night I saw it by moonlight, and it was a sight I shall not easily forget.

The next morning was a fine clear August day, and we climbed a ridge 2,000 feet above camp from where we saw one of the most magnificent views I have ever looked at in the Canadian Rockies. All the way from the northwest to the south was a brilliant region of snow and ice. In the foreground towered the knife edged peak of Mt.

Crossing the worst rock slide of the trip near the headwaters of the Wapiti River.

Planning the route through trailless country.



Ida, and beyond it the big white summit of our giant snow mountain appeared.

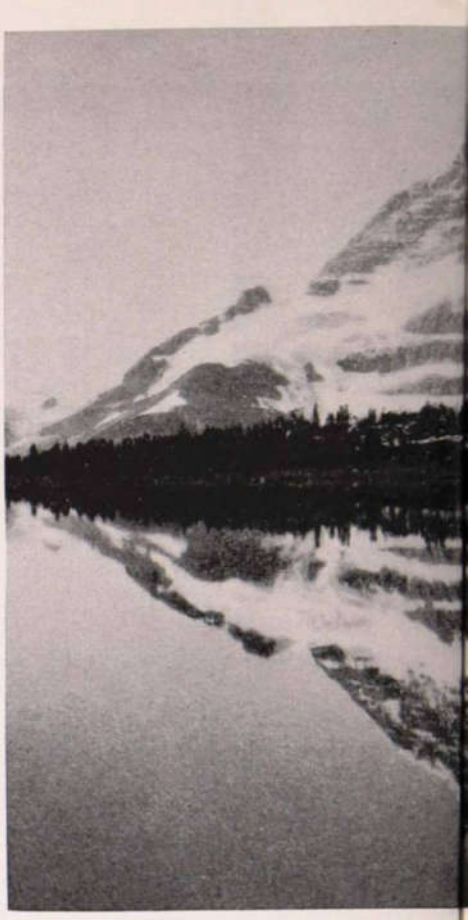
Both, we could see, would prove extremely difficult as well as dangerous to climb, the big one because of its unusually steep and hazardous ice slopes and because of the serious problems to be offered by its ice cornice on top. The most likely route to the upper glacier seemed to be from the northeast and then up the final peak to the cornice on the summit by the northeastern or the southwestern arête.

Mt. Ida, it was evident, would be even harder to climb. To reach a point within 500 feet of the top might not be too difficult, but once here, great trouble would be experienced in reaching the actual summit. The top peak is in the shape of an elongated drum set on end, some 300 to 400 feet high, atop of which is an icy cone perilously abrupt on all sides. At the upper end of the southwestern arête is a rocky knob which is connected with the base of the drum by a narrow, steep-sided ice slope. The gap in between is filled with the accumulating snows, which it might be unduly dangerous to cross. Then there is still the perpendicular cliff and the steep icy cone.*

A few words in conclusion. . . . Members of the Alpine Club of Canada seemed to have noticed our giant mountain during their summer camp of 1913, for the accounts read that "many fine snow mountains appear, one of enormous size, some eighty miles away, which rivals Mt. Robson." Apparently the giant we'd first glimpsed in 1912 is the mountain they referred to, for the distance they estimated is almost exactly correct for this.

*Mt. Ida, 10,472 feet high, was climbed in 1954 for the first time.

The Fay party. L. to R.: Mr. Fay, Bob Cross, Bob Jones, Jack Symes, Fred Brewster.



Knife-edged Mount Ida, 10,472 feet high, fron

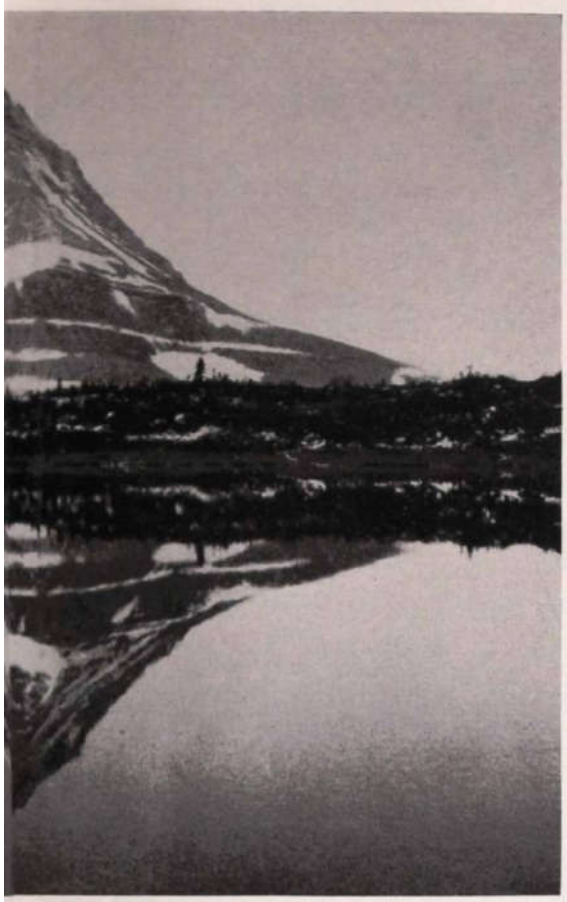
Later on during our 1914 trip I heard of trappers who spoke of a tremendous mountain at the head of the north fork of the Fraser River. Evidently it was known to the Indians, too, but the only other white man I had been able to find who has seen it at close range was R. W. Jones whom I saw in Edmonton at the conclusion of our 1914 trip. He had spent four years surveying for possible passes for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway extension to the Pacific coast. He had seen the mountain on one of his survey trips about ten years before but, as he was looking for low passes and not high mountains, did not triangulate it, much as it interested him.

Previous to Jones' trip, E. W. Jarvis and his party had crossed here in the winter of 1874-5 on a survey expedition for a low pass for the C.P.R. It was Jarvis who named Mt. Ida, seeing it when he crossed from the Fraser watershed to that of the Kakwa River through the valley up which we had just come. But Jones, previous to us, was probably the first white man to see the great new mountain at such close range.

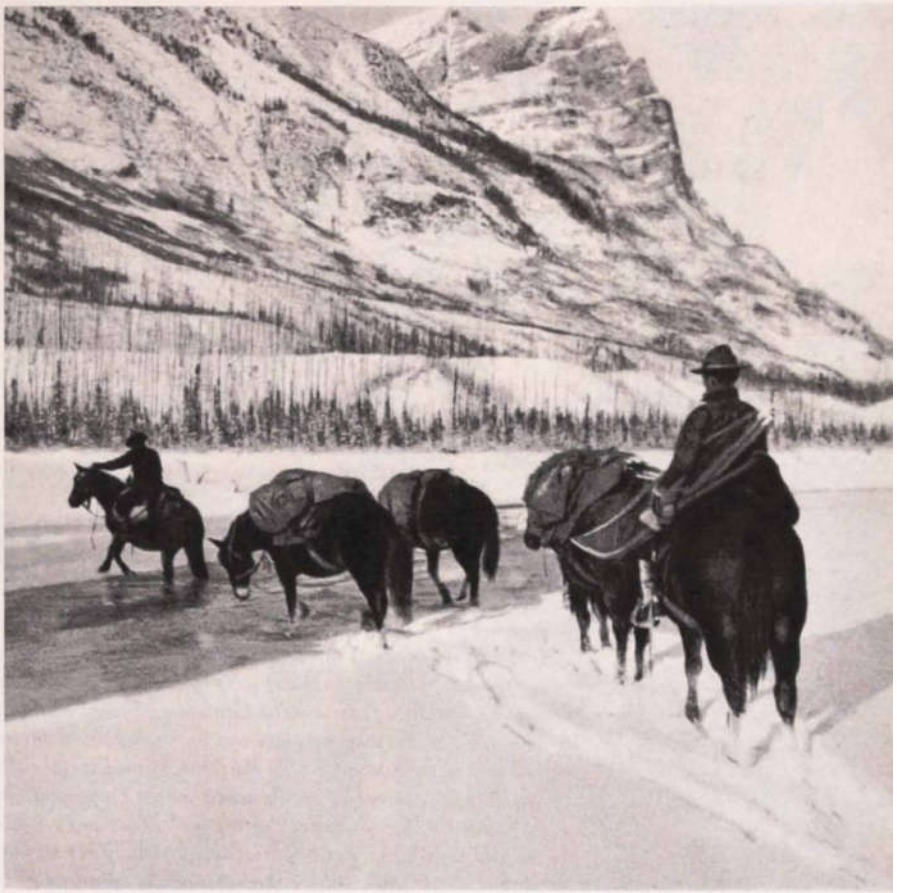
This hot, brilliant 12th of August, 1914, that we spent here by the great mountain, was a day in a thousand. Snow and ice, glacier and peak stretched far to the south, west and northwest, while to the east and south lay bare rocky ridges, a perfect succession of them. Far below us lay our string of six lakes, the longest over two miles and of the most exquisite emerald green. As the day lengthened to late afternoon, the colour of these changed to a beautiful sea-green. This day, I felt, was the most perfect I had ever spent among the mountains.

I looked about me at the four others who, after breakfast beside the campfire, had climbed with me to the ridge 2,000 feet above our horses and teepee, to where the giant appeared white and clear without even a cloud to obscure it. It was entirely owing to their experience, loyalty and hard work, I realized, that the success of our trip had been possible.

Major Fred Brewster (still at Jasper) was the most resourceful man I have ever met. You always had the most complete confidence in him under any conditions, no matter how bad things ever got. He was indefatigable, had remarkably good judgement, and his many years of experience with trail life in difficult country made him absolutely invaluable. As for C. R. Cross (killed in France September 1915) I can say just as much. As a friend of mine back home in Boston, he had originally interested me in hunting and exploring in difficult and inaccessible parts of the Northwest. He had hunted big game early in



the north above Jarvis Pass.



Crossing a partly frozen river in winter. Fortress Mountain in background.

this century from Newfoundland to Alaska and had climbed in Switzerland as well as on this continent. He and Fred Brewster were as perfect a pair as any man could want to be with in the wilderness. The three of us together worked out our plans, and every decision was in our hands jointly.

Bob Jones (drowned in 1955, in Snake Indian River east of Jasper) was in charge of our outfit of twenty horses, and he was an ideal man for that very important job. No one could have been more loyal or devoted to all of us nor more interested in the success of our trip. He was always calm and quiet around the animals, an ideal helper around the camp, and a tireless worker on such jobs as cutting our trail which was a daily chore.

Jack Symes, a former member of the Mounted Police (killed near Ypres, June 1916, soon after receiving his commission as an officer), had come along as cook and general helper in any way he might be needed, which meant every day and in innumerable functions. We could always count on him and Jones. Furthermore, both were good companions, and no hardship or difficulty ever bothered them for long. It was an altogether fortunate group of men. Never once had there been any misunderstanding or unpleasantness between any of us during our five consecutive months in the bush, during three of which we saw no other human being.

The next morning we headed down the Kakwa River. We regretted not having been able to stay longer to explore the big new mountain, but time was valuable, and utterly trailless country lay ahead through which we were to journey almost continuously through the daytime except when we rested the animals and climbed on foot to some eminence where we could lay out our course ahead. As it was, we were four months in all in reaching Hudson's Hope on the sunny north bank of the Peace River. During our climbing and hunting, however, we often saw our old friend in the distance, always looming high above everything else. For many weeks it served as a landmark and aided us in our map making.

In the absence of any name for this big new mountain, we called it Mount Sir Alexander after that most intrepid explorer, Alexander Mackenzie, who in becoming the first white man to get through the Rocky Mountains, had passed only a few miles to the west of it. This name was later approved by the Geographic Board of Canada. Three abortive attempts to climb the mountain were made, and not until 1929 did a party of climbers finally reach the summit, 10,740 feet high. ◆

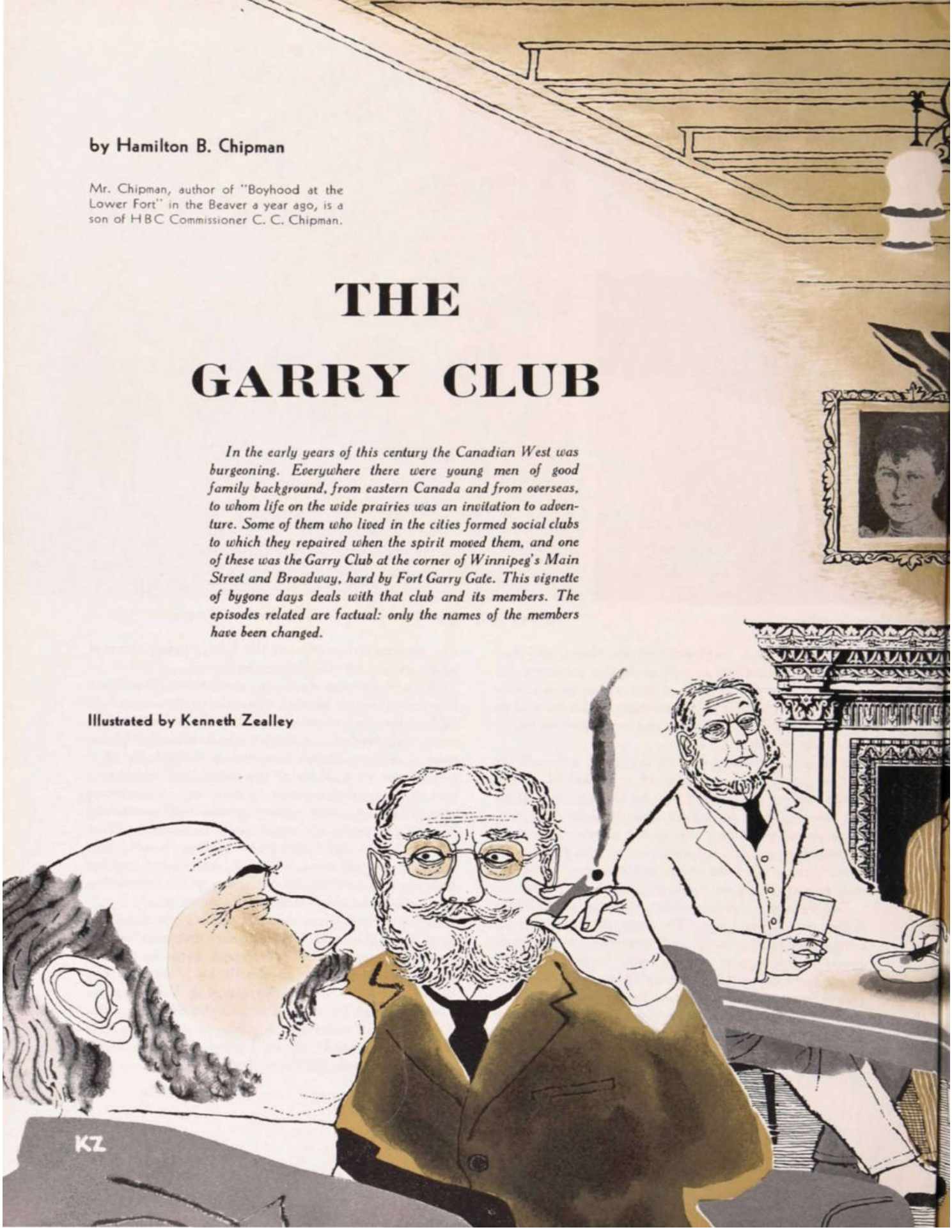
by Hamilton B. Chipman

Mr. Chipman, author of "Boyhood at the Lower Fort" in the Beaver a year ago, is a son of HBC Commissioner C. C. Chipman.

THE GARRY CLUB

In the early years of this century the Canadian West was burgeoning. Everywhere there were young men of good family background, from eastern Canada and from overseas, to whom life on the wide prairies was an invitation to adventure. Some of them who lived in the cities formed social clubs to which they repaired when the spirit moved them, and one of these was the Garry Club at the corner of Winnipeg's Main Street and Broadway, hard by Fort Garry Gate. This vignette of bygone days deals with that club and its members. The episodes related are factual: only the names of the members have been changed.

Illustrated by Kenneth Zealley



GROWING MARKETS
The Financial Post
INDUSTRY BUILDING 84%
HERE ARE THE FACTS!

FIFTY years ago the Garry Club was in full bloom and from 1904 to 1914 I was one of its younger and more boisterous members. Looking back at that distant decade it seems to me that the club was a natural product of an era far more colourful than the present.

Then fight fans saw Sam Langford, Abe Attell and Jack Dillon in action at the Auditorium on York Street . . . A Winnipeg four, stroked by Con Riley, had won the Steward's Cup at Henley. . . . The Victoria Hockey Club of this city had captured the Stanley Cup, then played for by amateurs. . . . Polo was popular . . . and ping-pong. . . . An orchestra at the Walker Theatre helped to reduce the audience to tears as the heroine, baby in arms, tottered out into a paper snowstorm. . . . Society attended light opera and the Horse Show in evening dress. . . . The Duke of York, soon to be crowned King George V, bagged 52 ducks while a guest of Senator Kirchoffer at Lake Manitoba. . . . Life was less hurried than it is today, and more gracious.

A dense cloud of smoke and a not unpleasant odour of old leather and older Scotch whisky greeted you as you entered the club. To your left was the Strangers' room, small and seldom occupied. To your right was the reading room, decorated with engravings of King Edward VII, Queen Alexandra and copies of "The Stag at Bay," "The Doctor," and other celebrated Victorian engravings. A huge moose head stared superciliously down its long nose at the antics of the members. A billiard table and a card room completed the layout and downstairs the steward, his wife and her sister, had their living quarters.

I doubt if the membership of the Garry ever exceeded fifty. Of this number more than half were in their early twenties. They were the Cavaliers of the club. They signed "chits" with airy nonchalance and were always astounded when the day of reckoning arrived. They played better than average billiards and backed their chances of filling an inside straight as if the Count of Monte Cristo were their uncle. Most of them wore Ascot ties, caps, vivid waistcoats and shaggy tweeds.

The Roundheads of the club, men of forty and over, wore broadcloth and bowlers. They sipped their drinks

instead of gulping them. They preferred the *Financial Post* to the *Calgary Eye-Opener* and the *Pink 'Un*, and smoked cigars the ends of which they amputated with cutters attached to heavy gold chains.

These older members attended to such drab details as keeping the club out of the red, checking the daily receipts with the steward and rebuking junior members for infractions of rules. A committee of five dealt with entries in the Complaint Book. These were as a rule of a trivial nature. . . . "The roast beef was unfit for human consumption and the vegetables were stone cold." . . . That sort of thing.

On one occasion a friend of mine was haled before the Complaint Committee to answer a more serious charge. It seems that he and another young member had attended a small and shabby theatre which catered to lovers of third-rate burlesque. Next day, in the presence of several members, he confessed he didn't remember much of the performance but so far as the audience was concerned it seemed to be almost entirely composed of "bartenders, fallen angels, and members of the Garry Club." A puritanical member promptly recorded the remark in the Complaint Book with the notation that the statement was a grave reflection on the good name of the entire membership. The Committee's decision to let the matter drop was probably influenced by the fact that two out of the five had been at the theatre on that particular night.

The bohemian atmosphere of the Garry attracted a number of youngsters fresh from the British Isles. At first they were eyed askance by the older members, especially by those of Canadian birth. The newcomers wore Old School ties and spoke with an Oxford accent, and these were regarded as earmarks of the "remittance man," a species definitely suspect. According to popular belief,

remittance men had all been booted out of Britain by fathers sick of footing their sons' bills. All of them, it was thought, had been presented with a one way ticket by "the pater" with the promise of a monthly allowance if they stayed put and kept the family name off the police blotter.

"In the '80s," a Western pioneer recalled, "remittance men were as plentiful as gophers and just as unpopular. They hated work of any sort and lolled around until the next registered letter from home arrived. They drank too much and sneered at our 'colonial' customs and manners."

However, the youthful expatriates who joined the Garry were lads of quite a different type. Most of them were younger sons in large families and consequently their chances of making a go of it at home were slim. Canada, a land of romance and opportunity, appealed to them. On arrival they looked for jobs, found them and held them.

Kipling wrote of "the bitter road the younger son must tread. . . . Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own." Well, the younger sons who wound up in Winnipeg didn't find the road they trod a particularly rough one. Take Oliver Wainwright, for example, "thin as paper, smart as paint." A fine rider and driver, his services were in great demand when the Horse Show came round. No one could show off the paces of a horse to better advantage or gentle a hunter over a hurdle with a defter hand. It was a labour of love with Oliver for he was mad about horses. "I'd rather win the Derby than go to Heaven," he declared over a late brandy and soda. "And you've got a damsight better chance!" was the unkind reply of one of his cronies. I knew Oliver better than most for he proposed to three of my sisters in rapid succession and was refused by all three with no abatement of friendship on either side.

Then there was Hans Schneider, former officer in a crack German regiment. Hans sold champagne and brandy on a commission basis but sales were few and far between. A malicious rumour (utterly without foundation) had it that he supplemented his income by sending sketches of Fort Osborne barracks to an old college chum in Berlin. Hans was excellent company and very liberal with his samples. It was he who introduced me to the "Rajah's Peg," a heady brew composed of equal portions of brandy and champagne. His wit was as dry as the wine he sold. Pat O'Connor, Master of the Winnipeg Hunt Club was complaining one day of the condition of his hounds.

"They don't get enough exercise," he grumbled, "They're as fat as pigs."

"Why not use them for pig-sticking"? Schneider suggested.

O'Connor, who took his duties very seriously, refused to speak to Hans for days.

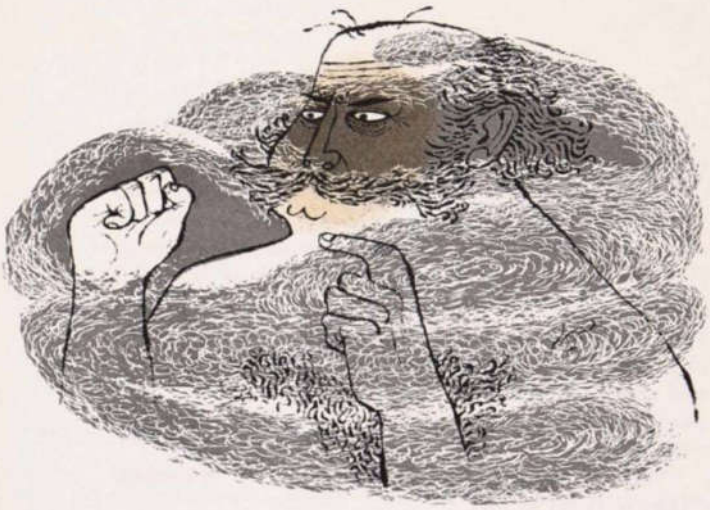
Derek Williams was another familiar figure at the club. He usually wore a light green waistcoat and spoke in an extremely low voice. Unlike most of his comrades, the more frequently his glass was replenished the less audible he became, and by closing time only an expert lip-reader could make head or tail out of what he was saying.

It was he who played the juvenile lead in a comedy staged at Turner's Turkish Baths. The proprietor was gently massaging a plump gentleman on an adjoining slab when Derek decided to take a hand in the proceedings. "Put a little life into it," he commanded, and pushing Turner aside, delivered a stinging slap on the most convex portion of the other customer's anatomy.

His victim arose with ponderous dignity and, wrapping a towel around him, left the room after directing a look of bitter disapproval at his assailant.

"Do you know who that was?" Turner asked my friend.

"Haven't the foggiest notion," was the airy reply.



"That," Turner informed him, "was the Premier of Manitoba, and in future kindly keep your hands to yourself."

Immaculately clad, impeccably mannered, these young men squired dewy-eyed debutantes to the top social functions of the year . . . but always under the surveillance of Mama or a chaperone. The wise virgin who found that her escort was overfond of "refreshments" limited her dances with him to the first half of the programme. As one belle put it, "Nigel's the best dancer in Winnipeg up to supper time. . . . After that he's the worst."

Sometimes a younger son would receive an unexpected cheque from Aunt Agatha or a small legacy from a godfather. Then bugles would sound "Boots and Saddles" and there would be a mad scamper for the Grotto.

This popular night resort formed an underground portion of the Mariaggi Hotel. It consisted of a number of private rooms, the walls and ceilings of which were cunningly constructed so as to resemble rocks. The ceiling of each room was so low that an agile chorus girl had no difficulty in touching it with her toe.

It was a somewhat older friend who introduced Donald Craig and me to the Giffo Club, then located in the vicinity of the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Anyone who wanted to try his luck at cards or dice was warmly welcomed. My friend loved a game of chance "this side idolatry" and there was nothing small about his wagers.

"I feel lucky," he announced on arrival at the club; and strolling over to the Black Jack table lost $300 in three deals. Craig lent him a further $200 and our host tested his fortune at dice. Within an hour he was $500 to the good, and he wound up heavily in the red.

More than one prominent citizen of Winnipeg, out on a bender, sought sanctuary in the Garry Club. I recall a brilliant member of the legal profession plunging into the club one wet and windy night. He was a man approaching seventy with a long white beard, and resembled, at that moment, some Hebrew prophet after a vigorous scuffle with the priests of Baal.

"The hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces," he declaimed in a hoarse voice, and explained that his son was hot on his trail, trying to track him down and restore him to home comforts and sobriety. He thrust a $5.00 bill upon the steward, called for a round of drinks and left for parts unknown.

Yes, strange things happened at the Garry Club in those far-off days. One dark and rainy afternoon I was the sole occupant of the reading room. Even the steward was away, probably buying supplies. Suddenly, up the basement stairs there floated a figure bearing a startling resemblance to the heroine of one of Poe's horror stories. She was, she told me, Mrs. Parker, the steward's wife. Her husband no longer loved her. He had "transferred his affections" to her sister, a younger woman. She spoke very rapidly and in a low monotone and I had the greatest difficulty in understanding her.

Finally I gathered to my utter amazement that she was prepared to fly with me at once, leaving her faithless husband and her wicked sister to their own devices. At this dramatic moment the sound of footsteps approaching the front door was heard. The lady drifted down the stairs, silent as a wraith, and was seen no more.

When the bombshell of the First World War exploded, junior members of the Garry enlisted to a man. Few of the "younger sons" returned to Winnipeg. Many of them were killed in action. Others married and settled down in the land of their birth. The Garry (together with the Mariaggi Hotel and the Giffo Club) has long since ceased to function. Old age and its attendant ills have played havoc with those members who, fifty years ago, were in the prime of life. Today a reunion of former members could find space and to spare in the tiny Strangers' Room. ◆

Spring is the time of dressing moosehides for next winter's mitts and moccasins.

Some of the ancient ways still survive among the Cree and Ojibwa of the Eastern Woodlands.

Crafts of the Cree

Photos by John Macfie

The first Europeans to come into contact with the Algonkian people found them using only such tools and clothing as they could make without too much difficulty from things found in the wilderness about them, or obtain in trade from neighbouring tribes. Some of these articles were so good that the white man adopted them for his own use, but many others did not serve their purpose very well. Replacing the latter with better goods from Europe launched the fur trade, and in a short time these people forgot how to make axes and spear points from stone. This process has now been carried to the point where most Ojibwas and Crees have motor driven canoes, and few of their tools and clothing are home made.

But snowshoes of birch wood and babiche, tikinaguns (cradle boards) and dry tanned moccasins will be seen for quite a while yet, for it is unlikely that science will improve upon them. These remain in common use north of settled Ontario, where the Indian still derives a large proportion of his livelihood from the wilderness. A few less familiar crafts persist, mostly among older people.

Two of the best known—and most graceful—Indian crafts are illustrated here: the snowshoes for winter travel and the canoe for summer. The outer frame for the snowshoes is made of two strips of wood joined at front and back. The 'shoes themselves are made in various sizes, from the small ones used on the trodden snow of the trails to the six-foot-long hunting 'shoes worn in the deep snows. The canoe on the right was recently made by an 80-year-old Ojibwa woman, Marie Mikenak, who trades at Osnaburgh House. And when this year she sold it to the Hudson's Bay museum in Winnipeg, she at once set about making another—even though she could easily buy a factory made model.

The form of these "galleys" or "gillies" is traditional, but the front and rear panels are woven of fine twine instead of babiche. This makes for lightness, but does not stand up to hard wear as well as the skin netting.

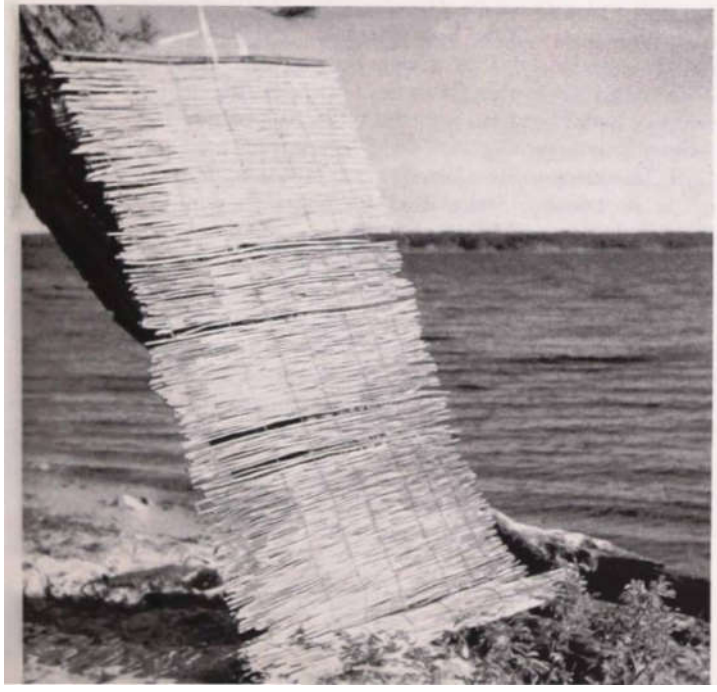
Coats, hats and blankets woven from strips of varying-hare skin shed hair continuously, but they are as warm as wool.

This birchbark canoe of the Ojibwa type was made quite recently at Osnaburgh House, where Indians have been trading for 170 years.

Winter camp of Indians of the Osnaburgh band, showing some of the traditional crafts still in use.

The photo above shows a curious mixture of Indian crafts and white man's goods. The poles of the wigwam are covered with canvas instead of birchbark, but spruce boughs are also laid on to give added warmth. The tin pipe sticking out of the top shows that cooking and heating is done with a stove, while a suitcase strikes an incongruous note on the right. Offsetting that, on the left, is a native blanket or robe made of woven strips cut from the skins of snowshoe rabbits. Two toboggans are visible—one native-made on the ground, the other, factory made, leaning against the wigwam. On one tree hangs a finely-made pair of "gillies," on others hang beaver skins on willow stretchers. Some of the Indians are wearing moccasins, the others, white men's shoes.

Primitive types of house construction are recognizable in these bark-covered smoke houses of the Deer Lake and Caribou Lake bands.



This is a reed mat—a "pah' seminan"—for drying blueberries. It is seldom seen any more.

MORE LIGHT ON DAVID THOMPSON

by V. G. Hopwood

SINCE writing the article on the youthful adventures of David Thompson on the Western plains, which appeared in the last number of the *Beaver*, I have had the privilege of access to the microfilms of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives in Ottawa. The Company records confirm in all essentials the story which Thompson himself tells of his life between 1786 and 1790 in the hitherto missing section of his *Narrative* on which my article was based. At the same time the records do correct some details of Thompson's account, clarify others, and give supplementary information of historical interest.

In his journal for 1850 (in the Ontario Provincial Archives at Toronto) Thompson wrote on July 9 that he was writing page 27e of his "Travels," describing the Bow River. The entry thus tells us to a day when Thompson set down his description of the building of the South Branch House on the Saskatchewan River in 1786.

The date means that this section of Thompson's *Narrative* was written in his eightieth year. It was probably the last thing he wrote before ill-health, failing eyesight and the continuing distress of poverty forced him to stop. In addition to these difficulties, he was writing from memory about events that took place more than sixty years earlier, before he had started to keep a journal.

The canoe brigade in which Thompson made his first journey inland in 1786 from York Factory was under the direct command of Robert Longmore, as Dr. Tyrrell stated in his edition of the *Narrative*. Tomison did not accompany this brigade, as one might think from Thompson's account, but went inland later in the summer.

Mitchell Oman, with Thompson as his writer, took part of the brigade up the South Branch of the Saskatchewan and built South Branch House, just as Thompson describes it. The house journal, in Thompson's hand, refers to the courtly French Canadian gentleman in charge of one of the neighbouring houses as Nicholas Montour. Thus identified, the French gentleman could not have belonged to Gregory, McLeod and Company, as Thompson says, for he was a North West Company partner in 1784.

The other neighbouring post is referred to in the journal as belonging to Peter Pangman, who was one of the rival firm of Gregory, McLeod and Co. The journal also notes that Pangman himself arrived at the post on September 26. Thorburn himself is not mentioned in the South Branch journal, but the description given of him could not possibly apply to Peter Pangman. Thus in the absence of further information, it seems likely that Thorburn was in charge of the Gregory, McLeod post on the South Branch that winter, and that Pangman visited there at the end of September.

The journals of Manchester House make it certain that when Thompson was speaking of Buckingham House during his early years he was really referring to Manchester House. The post records make it clear that Thompson set out from there under Gaddy at the age of seventeen to visit the Piegan Indians and learn their language.

It was also at Manchester House that Thompson broke his leg on December 23, 1788. The South Branch journals contain a letter from Tomison at Manchester House, telling of the accident, and expressing his concern.

At Cumberland House, nearly a year after the accident and still very weak, Thompson became the pupil of Philip Turnor, the Company's astronomer. Thompson's regard for Turnor is apparent in his account of his teacher. Here is the other side of the relationship—Turnor's opinion of Thompson as expressed in a latter to the Governor and Committee of the Company in 1790.

"In my Journal which contains my Observations, etc., I have inserted some Observations which were made and worked by Your Honors' unfortunate Apprentice, David Thompson. I am fully convinced they are genuine, and should he ever recover his strength far enough to be capable of undertaking expeditions I think your Honors may rely on his reports of the situation of any place he may visit, and should he not be capable of travelling he may be very useful in giving others instructions by which any of moderate abilities may be more capable of taking Observations than any have yet proved that your Honors have sent out of England."

George Hudson had been named to accompany Turnor to Lake Athabasca. He died on April 19, 1790. Thompson was still too weak to go. Therefore Peter Fidler became Turnor's assistant. It has been stated that Thompson bore Fidler a grudge for thus taking his place. A letter of Thompson's to Joseph Colen in 1793 indicates on the contrary that Thompson regarded Fidler as a friend.

Soon after returning to York Factory from inland in 1790, Thompson wrote a letter to the Governor and Committee in London, noting that his apprenticeship was expiring the coming May. He left the terms of his new contract to their decision. He asked that he should not be given a suit of clothes, as was customary when apprenticeship ended. He requested them to apply the value of the clothes to the purchase for him of a set of surveyor's instruments, and charge the additional cost to his wages. The instruments he asked for are the same as those he used in later life, so presumably his request was met. ◆

Dr. Hopwood has been studying documents relating to Thompson in preparing a popular edition of Thompson's Narrative.

Paddy's Peninsula

Straits and bays, islands and capes and peninsulas in the Canadian Arctic are liberally sprinkled with the names of old-time H B C explorers like Rae, Dease, and Simpson, and directors like Pelly, Ellice, and Garry. Now the name of a modern Company man has been given to the peninsula on the southeast corner of King William Island. The Geographical Branch of the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys has decided to name it after William "Paddy" Gibson, F.R.G.S., who ran the post at nearby Gjoa Haven and as inspector travelled extensively in the Western Arctic until his sudden death in 1942. At the same time it was decided to name the body of water south of Gibson Peninsula after the famous anthropologist, Knud Rasmussen.

Cartwheels

A number of museums in the West are now displaying Red River carts, either genuine relics or synthetic specimens, and quite a few of the latter have the rims of their wheels bound round and round with strips of rawhide. This curious practice, we suspect, is based on some pictures in the March 1942 *Beaver*, where an old cart, its wheels bound with buffalo rawhide, was shown in front of the H B C Edmonton store. The publication of this picture was followed by a drawing of similar wheels in Vol. II of C. W. Jefferys *Picture Gallery of Canadian History*, and we quote from our review of it in the Sept. 1945 issue: "In his page on the Red River cart he might have mentioned that the rawhide-bound wheels were not universal. One cart of this type has certainly survived in Edmonton, but there is little to indicate that this was the general practice."

Indeed, an examination of fifteen clear contemporary photos of Red River carts in actual use shows no trace of such binding, whether or not the rims were supplied with iron tires. In the case of the Edmonton cart, the wood of the felloes probably shrank, and the binding was applied to keep the tires from coming off. But the theory that the felloes would have become separated without such binding is not borne out by the old photos referred to—some of which will be found in the 1942 *Beaver* article.

Only one account have we been able to find mentioning skin tires, and it is quoted by Olive Knox in that same article. A writer in *Harper's Magazine* of 1878 states that tires were "of rawhide drawn tightly round the wheels." This suggests that a long strip was applied like a tire when it was green, and bound the felloes tightly together when it shrank. Today an example of this can be seen at the Western Development Museum in Saskatoon.

York Factory

It's hard to tell from a dot on a map whether a place is a thriving city or a tiny village, unless it has one of those special symbols denoting a capital. One of the dots that has appeared on maps of North America longer than most is York Fort or York Factory on Hudson Bay, named in 1684 for the second Governor of the Company.

That name has marked a fur trade post fought over by French and English, a busy port and depot, the distributing centre of a great part of Rupert's Land. Now it marks nothing but a forlorn cluster of silent buildings dominated by the big square H B C factory, for the settlement has been abandoned.

How long a place without people can remain on the map we do not know, but it is unlikely to be long or maps would be highly misleading. So while York Factory will have its place in the history of Canada and the annals of the H B C it will soon have no more existence geographically. Print on a page lives longer than a building on muskeg and the entire winter issue of *The Beaver* will be devoted to York Factory as a permanent though fragmentary record of different aspects of its story.

NORTHERN BOOKS

ADVENTURE IN TWO HEMISPHERES, by James S. and Carrie Marshall. Talex Printing Co., Vancouver and Binford & Mort, Portland, 1956. 208 pages. $5.50 in Canada.

Reviewed by James H. Hamilton

APPROACH of the centennial year celebrating the formation of the Colony of British Columbia has widened interest in this land, its beginnings and development. The epic expedition of Captain George Vancouver, sent out from Britain to explore and survey the unknown seas and waterways of the north west coast of North America, and, incidentally, to receive from the Spaniards restitution of the property seized by them at Nootka Sound, has again been placed before the public. The voyage of the *Discovery* and the *Chatham* has been well documented by the journals and official reports of Vancouver himself, supplemented by the journals of his officers and the logs of his ships.

The student finds no difficulty in securing detailed historic information on the subject, much of which is available only in archives or in books and documents to be found in government or university libraries. Taking advantage of the present opportunity, two Vancouver people, James S. Marshall and his wife Carrie have written a book on Captain Vancouver's voyage, entitled *Adventure in Two Hemispheres*. Seeing that it purports in particular to be a history of Vancouver's expedition the name is unfortunate, merely an invitation to a thriller. While to the public it may be so, the student will find it frustrating and fragmentary. In the authors' Foreword the book is described as a "non-fiction historical book . . . [which] may prove useful to students." This candid statement indicates clearly that the book is not to be considered as an academic work, set forth in accord with accepted practice, with references clearly identified. Nevertheless, regarded as a readable and informative narrative of Vancouver's activities, and of the developments which had rendered the expedition necessary, the reader may derive a good general perception of the basic value of that historic voyage.

It is regrettable that the authors failed to seize the opportunity of presenting the answer to the oft-repeated query: "How was it that Vancouver missed the mouth of the Fraser River?" On the contrary, they themselves state (p. 40): "It appears evident that physical obstacles prevented these daring and courageous men from discovering and entering the river in June 1792." Yet their own book contains the answer to the mystery: "The Admiralty instructions to Vancouver read in part [p. 197]: '. . . as far as any general instructions can here be given on the subject, it seems desirable that, in order to avoid any unnecessary loss of time, you should not, and are therefore hereby required and directed not to pursue any inlet or river further than it shall appear to be navigable by vessels of such burden as might safely navigate the Pacific Ocean'." They make no comment on the above, nor on the very detailed Admiralty instructions given in small print in an appendix. Careful consideration of this document makes it plain that Vancouver was fully aware of the limitations imposed on exploration of rivers and was fully justified in declining to take the risk of a diversion involving danger to his ships and delay to completion of the main objectives assigned to him.

In support of this contention, two quotations are found on pages 34 and 35: From Menzies' notes, ". . . in two places they saw the appearance of large Rivers or Inlets, but *could not approach them* [my italics] even in the Boats". And from Vancouver's journal, ". . . there are two openings between this point [Roberts] and Point Grey. These can only be navigable for canoes . . ."

It is unfortunate, too, that the 15-page map and chart section of the book is so inadequate. The reproductions used are so blotchy and so fragmentary as to be almost as confusing as the bits and pieces from the modern navigation charts, cut so as to be minus caption and also lacking latitude and longitude. A simple coastline-map bearing only the names of a few salient features to identify the locality would be preferable.

Although the book may well serve the needs of readers who desire to hear the story of the renowned captain and his ships, it is hoped that it will inspire some of them to find out more about this remarkable and famous explorer.

Mr. Hamilton, of Victoria, was founder of "Harbour and Shipping" and its editor for 26 years.

NATIVE TRIBES OF CANADA, by Douglas Leechman. W. J. Gage and Company, Toronto. 1956. 358 pages. $4.00.

Reviewed by T. F. McIlwraith

Douglas Leechman is one of Canada's senior and best-known anthropologists. On the staff of the National Museum for many years, and more recently Director of the Glenbow Foundation in Calgary, he has studied Indians in all parts of the country. Furthermore, he has always believed that scientists should share their own knowledge. Readers of the *Beaver*, who have enjoyed so many articles by him, have been looking forward to this volume on *all* the Indian tribes; perhaps their anticipation has been increased by the fact that this is a book to be shared with their teen-age children, or with others who lack their own knowledge.

Native Tribes of Canada is written for the non-specialist, for the school-teacher, or for the parents of intelligent and inquiring boys and girls. In direct and simple style Dr. Leechman gives an enormous amount of factual information, which can be relied upon for absolute accuracy. After an introductory chapter on the errors and misconceptions concerning the Indians which survived for so long in popular writings, and which still persist to a considerable extent, he proceeds in a logical manner to describe the diversity of Indian life in the seven principal areas of Canada. This is not a new approach, but the author uses it clearly and informatively. In each case he begins by describing the geographical features, and the flora and fauna. He shows how the Indians utilized these, and at the same time, how their life was controlled by them. Except perhaps among the Iroquois with their extensive corn-fields, the Indians were part of their environment, a fact emphasized in this book but often overlooked by the casual reader. Tools and what was made with them are admirably described, in showing man's relation to his environment. In each case this is followed by sections on social and political structure, on religion, and on subsidiary aspects of native life.

Intensely practical, Dr. Leechman is a master at describing how objects are made, and his words are enhanced by the well-chosen and informative illustrations by A. E. Ingram. In this case the illustrations supplement the text without dominating it. The complexities of rituals and of social groupings are admittedly difficult to handle briefly and, generally, they are less meaningful than descriptions of what was actually done. In the field of mythology, however, he has been very successful in giving a sample of the tales characteristic of each area.

Professor T. F. McIlwraith is head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Toronto.

It would be manifestly unfair to expect that a book written for the layman should satisfy the requirements of a scientific treatise. Yet perhaps the author has underrated the interest of his readers. There is no bibliography, no mention of the museums where the articles illustrated are presumably preserved; and no references to the sources of the folk-tales, or indeed to the occasional direct quotation such as a paragraph from Frobisher on p. 183. A keen student might well wish to read or to look further; these omissions lessen the value of the book. And it is unjustified modesty on Dr. Leechman's part that he has failed to use any anecdotal material from his own work for the National Museum, or to include himself among the scientists on whose findings he relies. And surely the provision of a glossary containing such terms as *dialect* or *fossil* is a grievous underestimation of the intelligence of the readers of a scholarly work.

The early history of Canada was built upon the interactions of Indian and white. Explorers, fur-traders, missionaries, all were dependent on the natives. Yet the Indian has remained half-understood, seen only through the eyes of the European, and usually through spectacles coloured according to the outlook of the white man. Today in retrospect Douglas Leechman can look at, and describe objectively, Indian life as it was when the white man came. Not least of the merits of *Native Tribes of Canada* is that its portrayal of Indian life makes for a better understanding of these first Canadians, a matter of no little importance in our national life.

RIVER OF DESTINY, The Saint Marys, by Joseph E. and Estelle Bayliss, in collaboration with Milo M. Quaife. Wayne University Press, Detroit, 1955. 328 pages. $6.50 in Canada.

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

THOUGH the authors of this book are listed as above, most readers outside the two Saults Ste. Marie—as well as many resident there—will find Dr. Quaife's contribution of greater interest and value than that of the Baylisses. They have written Part 2, dealing with the local scene, while the distinguished Michigan historian contributes the first part, of 150 pages, in which he chronicles the history of the St. Mary's River in relation to its wider field. This, in fact, is the first time that the story of Sault Ste. Marie has been dealt with at length by a trained historian.

The tale of the two cities beside the rapids is an intensely interesting one (this reviewer can testify that a study of

Mr. Wilson lived for 13 years at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and while there became interested in its history.

it launched his interest in Canadian history as a whole), and a really good history of the place was long overdue. Until the C.P.R. was put through north of Lake Superior, Sault Ste. Marie was one of the chief stopping places on the long water highway from the East to the West, and a roster of the famous men who sojourned there or passed through on their way to adventure would include almost all those who have left their mark on the bright annals of western Canadian exploration.

Yet the story of the St. Marys is not one of early adventurers only. The tale of that comparatively modern adventurer, Francis H. Clergue, who founded the great power and manufacturing plants beside the rapids, is one of the most amazing in Canadian industrial history. In his last chapter Dr. Quaife gives us a resumé of his achievements there, culminating in the crash of 1903; but this reviewer would have preferred to see included in the account a few of the more interesting incidents of those hectic years, such as the calling up of troops from Toronto to quell a strike of the mill workers which was on the verge of getting out of hand. A short bibliography of the Clergue enterprises is given in the footnotes to this chapter, but it might also have included the valuable contemporary accounts in the *Paper Trade Journal*, which record the developments week by week.

If there is one outstanding fault to be found with this book, it is in the treatment of details, especially the spelling of names. Capt. Wm. Butler of *The Great Lone Land* fame, who later became Sir William, is listed as Buller, later "Lord Buller." James Hargrave, John Ballenden and Wemyss Simpson of the HBC post become Hargreaves, Ballender, and Wymess; while Groseilliers, Archbishop Thorneloe, and Ian Sclanders are respectively given as Grosseilliers, Thornloe, and Jan Sclanders.

In the realm of numbers, the "blockhouse" where Clergue lived beside the paper mill is stated to have been built in both 1819 (p. 273) and 1842 (p. 255) while the paper mill itself is said to employ 900 workers on p. 145 and 600 on p. 267. Incidentally, nothing is said about the Spanish River company which operated the paper mill (and four others from Quebec to Manitoba) for several years before merging with Abitibi in 1927.

One also wonders by what criterion the Baylisses selected the people of both Saults whom they singled out for special mention in their chapter on leading citizens since 1750. The only resident of the Canadian city (which is far bigger than its American twin) in a list of fourteen is Jim Curran, founder of the *Sault Star* and its editor for forty years. Even there, in the quotation of the verse on the war memorial which Curran asked Rudyard Kipling to write, there are three mistakes in the four lines.

FOOL'S GOLD, by Erik Munsterhjelm. George Allen & Unwin, London, 1957. Thos. Nelson & Sons Ltd. Toronto. 250 pages.

Reviewed by R. M. Patterson

It was with pleasure that I picked up a second book by Mr. Munsterhjelm—and I have not been disappointed. I admit to being biassed in the author's favour by *The Wind and the Caribou;* but *Fool's Gold* is even better than its predecessor and I can thoroughly recommend it to all who enjoy a good book on the North with the authentic flavour.

The action takes place mainly along the north shore and hinterland of Lake Athabsca, from Tazin Lake through Goldfields to Stony Rapids—switching, in the latter part of the book, to Yellowknife and the country north of Great Slave Lake. Into the author's camps and cabins, spread over this wide area, come one by one all the characters one has ever met in the North and West. They sit by the fire for a while and tell their stories. Then they hit the trail again, out into the frozen darkness—but their places are not long empty for Mr. Munsterhjelm's store seem to be inexhaustible.

That touch, on p. 188 in the most tragic story of all, of "ice shelves that just hung on the canyon walls"—that is what I mean by "the authentic flavour," for it is a thing that cannot be described unless a man has seen it, and here it is described well. For me the book came to an end all too soon, and I have one further recommendation—there is nothing in it about the Soul of the Wilderness.

FRANCES AND THE CREES, by Nan Shipley. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1957. 181 pp. $3.75.

THIS is the story of a pioneering woman and of missionary endeavour, mostly in the Oxford House and Fisher River regions of Manitoba. Few women are born to be pioneers, or ever consider themselves as such, but the pattern of a husband's life sets their path. Frances was a promising singer when she married and went to the unknown west in 1897 with Fred Stevens, a man who devoted his life to the service of the Indians.

The details of such a life, from the woman's view, are of great interest: the travel by canoe and cariole, the deplorable condition of some of the Indians, the difficulties and misgivings about bearing and raising a family in the bush, the problems of home-making, the humour and the tragedy of an isolated life.

A book like this requires much careful research. The art lies in concealing it. Mrs. Shipley has not overlooked either point and the result is a readable, human story.

Effective illustrations by Neil Hoogstraten enhance the book. A sketch map would have been useful.—*M.B.*

R.C.A.F.

Folded rocks in the Mackenzie Mountains which lie north of the Rockies along the Northwest Territories boundary with the Yukon.

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